Outdoor America

OCTOBER, 1926

Price 25 Cents

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

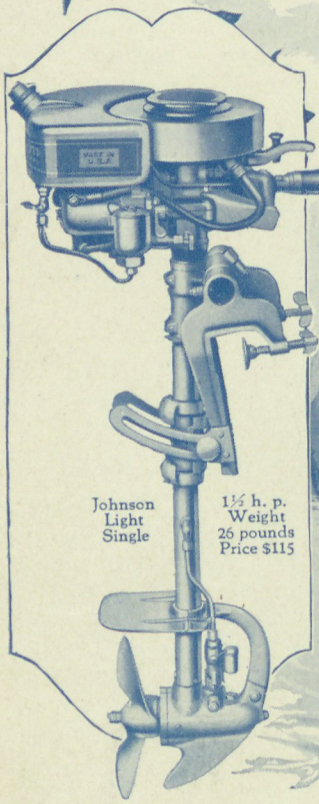
DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

THE ART OF AN OLD MASTER (Henry van Dyke) by Archibald Rutledge

EL COMANCHO · MERRITT P. ALLEN · O. W. SMITH

To and from the blind

with a Johnson at the stern



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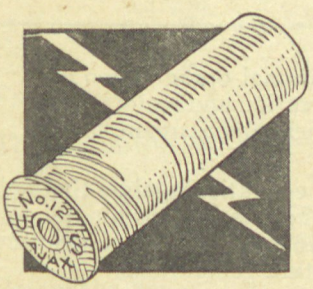

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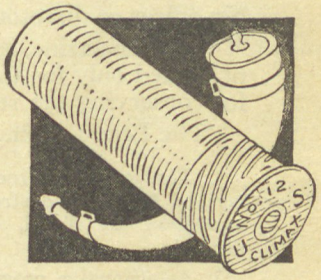

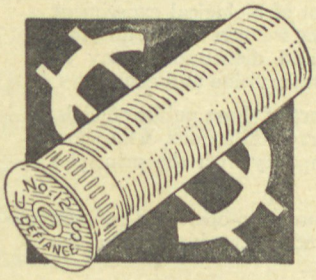

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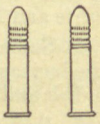

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a national organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, having more than 2,000 chapter units throughout North America.

The League is conducting a practical, aggressive campaign of education against the further pollution of our waters, the drainage of our marshes and the indiscriminate destruction of our forests, by arousing the present generation to a realization of the value of these areas to the health, happiness and character of future generations.

The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

The League's Platform is as follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

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Izaak Walton League, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 1926

I hereby apply for Membership-at-large in the Izaak Walton League, which includes a membership card, a handsome bronze membership button and one year's subscription to the League's magazine, OUTDOOR AMERICA.

If I am accepted I agree to pay $3.00 for the first year's annual dues, and magazine, when bill is presented.

Applicants may enclose $3.00 with application. If for any reason applicant is not accepted, money will be returned.

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Applicant for Membership-at-large not accepted if in a community where the League has a local chapter.

Subscription price for magazine without membership, $3.00 per year.

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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The Flight

Drawn for Outdoor America by William Schmedtgen

Vol. 5 No. 3

October Outdoor America 1926

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

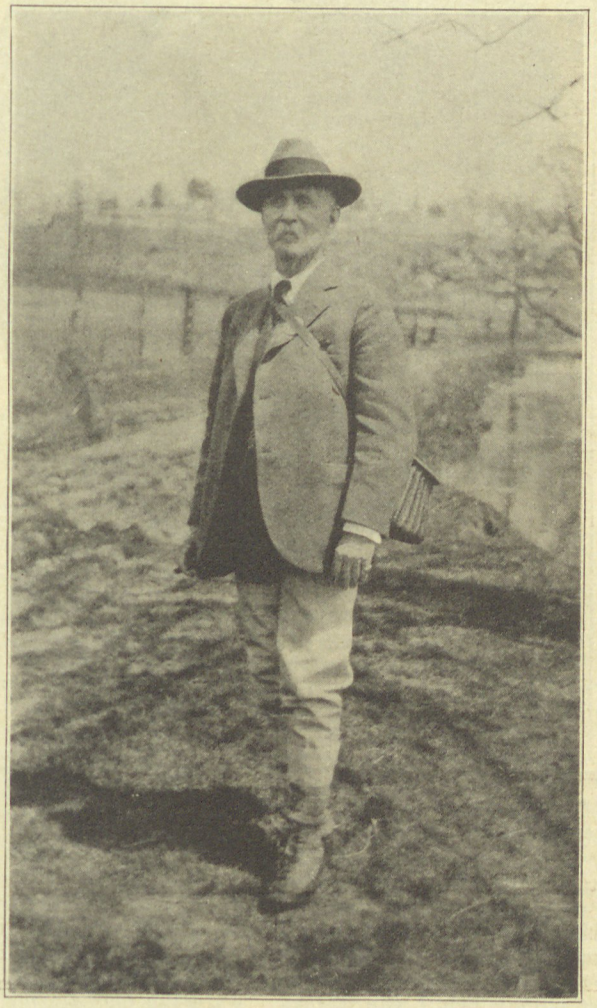
The Art of the Old Master

This is a personal story of that elusive science used by the peer of writers on angling topics, Dr. Henry Van Dyke

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

Photographs by Daniel Heefner and the Author

THIS business of going to Europe to see the art of an old master may be all right; but for twenty years I have enjoyed that privilege without ever getting a passport or making a voyage. And it's all because a mountain stream has lured into the obscure country where I live one of the great masters of the fine art of trout-fishing. The famous author of "Little Rivers" and of "Fisherman's Luck" loves this stream; and every spring, about the time that the columbine nods its rosy bells from the rocky banks, he gets away from Princeton with its delightful academic artificialities to rest and to enjoy himself in the only real world that there is—the world of nature. Though, after a fashion, I am a fisherman myself, when he comes, I put my rod away; for it is a far better thing to watch an old master than to catch a creelful. My best memories of trout-fishing are my memories of watching Henry Van Dyke casting the fly on Dickey's Run. Geography is not a vital matter; but that the reader may locate us accurately, I will say that this stream is in Franklin County, which is in Southern Pennsylvania, a state which has every major virtue except that of voting the Democratic ticket.



The Old Master Himself.

The source of Dickey's Run is far back in the lonely Tuscarora Mountains; it is a typical spring-fed stream, brawling for miles down through a hemlock-shadowed gorge, purling into glimmering pools, gurgling and spouting softly over sunny shoals. Then it enters the valley, and for about three miles it is a meadow stream, fuller and deeper and with a more deliberate current. Through patches of woods it flows, where one may hear the wood-thrush singing, and the towhee and the warbling vireo; through pastures from the fenceposts of which bob-whites whistle; through alder thickets and apple orchards; past a celebrated camping site of the Delaware Indians; and so at last into a lazy creek. Throughout its valley-reaches this trout-stream is remarkable for the mint that lines its banks. But I don't know what use people can make of mint these days.

One characteristic of the Old Master is his alertness to notice the things of nature along the stream, and to describe them felicitously. I recall his description of the columbine's flowers as "red chalices"; of the field sparrow's singing at dusk as "a song of the spirit"; and of the shadowy waters of a deep pool as "a huge amethyst." His awareness of the wild life about him, even while he is absorbed in sport, may be judged from the fact that the only rose-breasted grosbeak I ever saw in this country he pointed out to me in an old sycamore overhanging the stream.

His remarks about life, casually spoken, as some little incident made him think of its relation to human experience, are eminently shrewd and profound. I remember him saying that nearly all human misery can be traced to some one's lack of self-control. I remember him saying that no man who really knows nature and understands her can possibly doubt the existence and the essential goodness of God. And I recall this: "Sophisticated people pride themselves on knowing too much, whereas the real trouble with them is that they know too little."

Certain special recollections return happily to me when

I think of our companionship beside this sparkling stream. Late one afternoon I was a half-mile ahead of the Old Master, not fishing but just trying to locate a few good rises for him. In a long pool above a dam I saw two big trout rising together, about a yard apart. Calling my comrade, I showed him what was going on. This particular spot is most difficult to fish; for not only is it wide open on three sides, but the shelter side has too dense a willow thicket to enable a man to cast through it. But I have learned that with van Dyke, all things with a fly-line are possible. In a silent and shadowy fashion he insinuated himself between the willows; he located the rise; out streamed the line deftly, hovering back and forth until it reached the proper place in the air, when it laid its flies down on the water so lightly and so naturally that the two old lurking veterans were completely deceived. They struck simultaneously, and both were well hooked. The Master played them prettily while they Charlestoned gleamingly in the dark waters. As he brought them to shore, I netted them—both with the same dip. Each one was exactly a foot long, making no allowance for the warmth of my imagination. Over the spot in the pool where these trout were hooked a scarlet oak, growing among the willows, thrusts down almost to the water its scrawny branches—perfect traps for the amateur fly-caster. But the Old Master knew how to take care of such a situation—drifting his line through the air now slowly, now whipping it swiftly; but always, whether swiftly or slowly, with thrilling precision.

The trout in Dickey's Run grow large for brook trout. I have caught several that weighed two pounds and that verged on twenty inches. Henry van Dyke caught his largest from this stream under a little wooden bridge. In midafternoon he had located the leviathan, and he had had from him one or two savage but bickering rises. We fished perhaps a mile downstream, and I thought that we were then ready to start home, for the sun was among the black pines fringing the mountain-ridge. But a fisherman has a vivid memory. As my companion turned from the stream, I could see that something was on his mind.

"Arch," he said, "that big one under the bridge is still there, and he shouldn't be."

It was the kind of sentiment with which I can always quickly agree. Together we returned to the crude stream-crossing, with the sun down and with the first mist of evening beginning to rise from the brook. The Master stood far back to one side of the bridge and made a long crooked cast under it—like a long "hooked" drive in golf. I heard a splash, saw the line tighten, heard the reel sing. To play a fish under a bridge amid old snags and trash is really an art, and I saw the feat performed that evening. It was a gallant fight between two expert veterans, and the fish lost. He was close to eighteen inches; and he was taken on a 14 hook, to which was tied a Queen of the Water. It takes a queen to humble a king.

On another day, just at noon, with the sun blazing down on the waters of the stream, showing everything in it, even to the little pebbles at its bottom, we came to a pool below long ripples. I knew that there were trout there, for a farmhouse is near, and the farmer's wife always washes her dishes in the stream, and the trout take advantage of this uncommon food-supply. I fully expected the Old Master to get a rise or two; but I really was not prepared for what happened. Conditions were not right for an unusual catch, the water was low and clear, the sun discouragingly gaudy. But I was to learn that fishing is a fine art.

Two good trout were landed in as many minutes. I took out my watch, making a mental note that I was going to time this performance. Two more good fish were brought to shore. The thing kept up. The unerring line strayed out intelligently over the ripples, and just at the right moment the flies sank airily upon the water. For fourteen minutes the sport lasted, and in that time, nine trout were landed, every one above legal length. Honestly, I am not lying. And these were not ignorant fish of the wilds that had never been tempted by a fisherman. They were educated; and in wariness I believe some of them had college degrees. But of what worth is distinction in cunning when the Old Master has designs upon you?

One stormy day in late April, when winter appeared to be trying to have a last fling at the fragrant and blossoming world, and when I for one would never have thought of going fly-fishing, the Old Master lured me out. He said he wanted to try to see what he could do when all conditions were wrong. The day was really cold; the north wind howled bleakly; the stream was high, cloudy, and wild. It seemed the kind of a day for a fisherman to stay before a fire and read "Little Rivers." But sportsmen are incurable enthusiasts. They do not often consider their own comfort. We forgot the lowering skies, and the cold, and the frosty rain that now and then was driven like hail against us. I remember all those conditions; I remember that we were out two hours; and I remember that when we drove homeward the Old Master had in his creel nine fish, every one of them between ten and twelve inches long. A very ordinary mortal (like myself) can catch trout when all conditions are favorable; but it takes an authentic craftsman to make a fine catch in a stormy day from a cold, wild-running stream.

One perfect afternoon we drove to the stream; and while van Dyke was putting his rod together, we could both see and hear trout rising greedily. He ran the line through the guides; then he reached in his pocket for his fly-hook.

In the November Issue of Outdoor America, Judge Jacob M. Dickinson, former Secretary of War and author of the League's first slogan "Fish and Game Cannot Vote" will

Resumé his delightful Stories and Reminiscences. These wonderfully human bits of a splendid career as sportsman, diplomat and jurist are priceless and Outdoor America is particularly fortunate in being able to present them to you.
E. H. R.

When a man begins to feel his pockets anxiously, with a look of consternation dawning on his face, make sure that he has forgotten something. So it was now. The leaders and flies had been left at home, three miles away, and we had come to the stream with a horse and buggy! It is a positively painful experience, under such circumstances, to see big trout rising, with an elaborate disregard of caution, right off the end of one's rod!

Well, I went back for the missing leaders and flies. I have always tried, I think, to be considerate toward animals; but on that occasion I got more speed out of my horse than he was accustomed to giving. In about twenty-five minutes I was back, and the sport began furiously. I do not remember how many fish were caught, but the creel was heavy. I do remember the look the Old Master gave me when he realized that he had forgotten his flies. As a reminder of the little incident, when he returned to civilization, leaving me in the wilds, he sent me a bunch of trout-flies, with the following delightful lines:

Here's a half-a-dozen flies
Just about the proper size
For the trout in Dickey's Run.
Luck go with them,—every one!
Dainty little feathered beauties,
Listen now, and learn your duties:
Not to tangle in the box;

Not to catch on logs or rocks,
Boughs that wave or weeds
that float,
Nor in the angler's "pants"
or coat!
Not to lure the glutton frog
From his banquet in the bog;
Nor the lazy chub to fool,
Splashing idly round the pool;
Nor the sullen horned pout
From the mud to hustle out.

None of this vulgarian crew,
Dainty flies, is game for you.
Darting swiftly through the
air,
Guided by the angler's care,
Light upon the flowing stream
Like a winged fairy dream;

Explaining to his daughter about the big one that got away.

Under the Elders go the flies.

Float upon the water dancing
Through the lights and
shadows glancing,
Till the rippling current brings
you
And the filmy leader swings
you
Where a speckled beauty lies
Watching you with hungry
eyes.

Here's your game and here's
your prize!
Hover near him, lure him,
tease him,
Do your very best to please him,
Dancing on the waters foamy
Like the frail and fair Salome
Till the monarch yields at last;

The Old Master slips over a low, fast one.

Rises, and you have him fast!
Then remember well your duty—
Do not lose, but land, your booty;
For the finest fish of all is
Salvelinus Fontinalis.

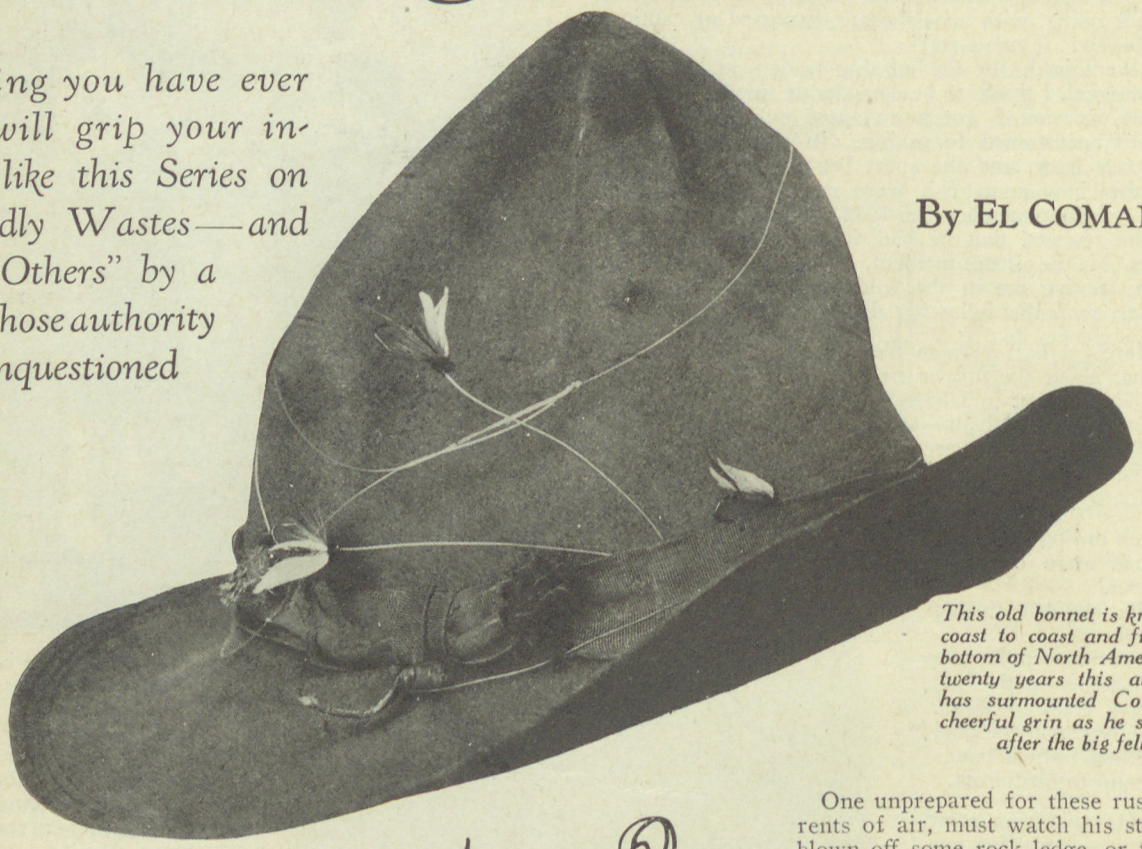
So, you plumed illusions, go.
Let my comrade Archie know
Every day he goes a-fishing,
I'll be with him in well-wishing.

Speaking of the Izaak Walton League, the Old Master has said: "The numbers of this tribe are great and yearly growing. But their influence is *nil*, unless they can get together in thought and purpose to withstand the inroads of commercial greed and political recklessness by which our once rich inheritance of sport in woods and waters has been reduced to a remnant. Undoubtedly this impoverishment must be checked, or we shall soon have a country in which there will be no hunting except for English sparrows and starlings, and no fishing except for catfish and eels. Such a land might be wealthy; it might even be called virtuous, from a pedantic, puritanic standpoint; *but would it be really happy or truly good to live in?*"

The High Country

Nothing you have ever read will grip your interest like this Series on "Friendly Wastes—and Some Others" by a man whose authority is unquestioned

By EL COMANCHO



This old bonnet is known from coast to coast and from top to bottom of North America. For twenty years this ancient hat has surmounted Comancho's cheerful grin as he sends a fly after the big fellows.

Yours Truly
El Comancho
(His Hat)

WHEN one goes into the High Country up above timber line, he enters a barren region with an Arctic climate where very little life of any kind exists.

It is apt to be bald, barren rocks, snowbanks, ice, glaciers, or half glacial snowbanks, and the debris and wreckage that ages have brought about as the rocks disintegrate.

At first glance it appears to be a huge expanse of wastes, just sheer, bald, icy wastes and nothing else.

Rock spires shoot up into the air; giant cliffs stand silent and wall-like with a drift of loose stuff at their feet, accumulated by centuries of continual thawing, freezing, baking and gale-wrenching that the peaks are undergoing all the time and always have since the day the world thrust them up in some cosmic spasm that the wisest man can only guess the cause of.

Slowly, yet surely, the hills are coming down to the plains; every freeze, every thaw, every hot summer day, every gale of wind helps its little bit to tear the high places down—and yet they stand as they have stood for centuries, far above the lowlands to act as condensing centers that govern rainfall over the continent.

Looked at from below, on either side, or scanned at close quarters, the high peaks, above timber line, appear to be only great piles of rock partly covered with snow and ice and fit for nothing on earth but scenic properties for outdoor folks to rave about, more or less, depending on how big things effect their nerves.

Many times I have gone up into those mighty peaks, those Temples of Silence, where the only noise one hears near at hand is the crash of falling rocks, the rumble of an avalanche or the shriek of tearing gales that come, sometimes all in a breath, and always without warning, from no place at all, to push, with fierce thrust against anything in their path.

One unprepared for these rushing torrents of air, must watch his step, or be blown off some rock ledge, or flimsy ice foothold, by the sudden unexpected attack that is as wild as that of some living thing.

These winds may last an hour or a week; they come and go without warning, and have the unexpected abruptness of a shooting star, so the experienced mountain man is always ready, and always on the lookout, that he is not caught unawares and hurled off of some cliff—and one's path in the high country, is as apt to lead straight up a cliff as it is to cross a level snowfield.

Go where one will, up there, he will encounter nothing but silence, loneliness, winds and waste spaces of snow or ice or barren, age-old rocks.

The first visit is a novelty; the second is work; the third brings a sense of cosmic isolation and a pressing, heavy silence; those that come after, bring appreciation and slow realization that all this wreckage of rock-walls and spires, and all these great masses of slow moving ice, and deep accumulation of snow, must be the result of some working plan put in operation by nature aeons ago.

Then one becomes critical and begins to seek reasons, to couple up effect with cause and to co-ordinate a lot of loose ends which, presently, lead to a comprehensive knowledge of a long list of things that were overlooked or disregarded before.

A survey of snowfields reveals the fact that here, above timber line, nature has stored snow and ice in such tremendous tonnage, that refrigeration for a whole big city, would hardly make a nick in the vast hoardings of the passing winters.

Snowbanks, a hundred feet deep, gradually contribute to the glacial ice that slides down, slowly, but surely, grinding the solid rock ledges off with the weight of uncounted tons of moving ice, as hard, almost, as stone, and backed by pressure that allows no breakage in the plowing ice; something has to give and the solid rock is torn apart and ground to mud. Mixed with water from the melting

field all this ground-up rock runs out, far down the mountain side in a glacial-blue, ice-cold creek that does not freeze, because it is traveling too fast down the rocky ditch, that serves to guide it to lower levels, where it likely pours its milky flood into some catch-basin lake to settle the sediment out and clear up; then, to plunge on down in a roaring cataract, still further thousands of feet, to some boistrous mountain river, which flows swiftly through the forests, homing myriads of trout and furnishing a river valley with moisture needed to make it a popular place with the wildlings that dwell in the clean spaces of primeval territory.

Up there on the peak, a shift of temperature brings a snowstorm in July. Tomorrow the same place may be uncomfortably hot, if one tries to climb the steep slope of a southerly facing snow-bank. This snow is now covered with a shoetop-deep slush of water-soaked snow, an unstable combination, waiting to slip from under one's foot and slide away, gathering speed and tonnage as it goes, and sweeping the frozen snow or ice beneath, to a glistening, water sluiced surface, almost as hard as iron and treacherous to rest a foot on, even when well spiked.

Tonight the frost will seal the snowbank and the glacier alike, for nature has a way of locking her treasure house at night, so the ice and snow will melt less rapidly and the supply thus last through the hot, short summer to feed the rivers down below, where man dwells in peace.

There is no guess work about it, everything up here, on the spires that litter the roof of the world, is moving according to unwritten, but mighty well understood laws, and no mistakes are made.

The laws of nature are fixed and unchangeable, and this is plainly evidenced here in the high places, for the days follow a program as well defined as though it were written down for each day.

The sun rises and the frosty air warms up with gratifying alacrity; presently the frost crystals collapse; a drop of water, here and there, evidences the fact that the day's work has begun.

By noon the snowbank is running a stream and is a mass of slush on top; by three in the afternoon one would think all the snow had turned to water, by the way streams are pouring down hill from every snowbank.

By five, p. m., the streams are much less in volume.

Sunset comes and the chill air carries promise of frost; by good, black dark the promise is a certainty and one shivers in his blankets 'neath the snappy stars; nature has shut down the cold storage plant and locked up till sunrise tomorrow.

There is some variation from this program, but, in the main, that is the work done by a regular, high peak summer day. Its winter days are about as near the exact opposite as one could imagine.

In winter the Arctic region has nothing on a 25,000-foot peak for weather! It is cold and then some; the wind blows "and then blows some more" and there is very little stoppage of gales all winter long.

Up there a gale is a gale, too! Down in the habitable places of Earth we think a forty to forty-five-mile wind is a terror, while sixty to seventy miles is disaster; yet away up on the high peaks of the world a ninety to one hundred and twenty-mile wind is real winter weather while a mere sixty to eighty miles is not uncommon!

And there's a reason for this too.

Nature provides for high-speed winds, high above the earth, to take care of air circulation, and thus do away

In Mount Baker Park, Washington.

with partial vacuums that are formed by changes in pressures and temperatures; these cause air currents to rush "hither and yon" with the sole purposes of preserving pressure balances, and when these rushes are on the wind tears across the high places at a much faster rate than any wind we are familiar with at sea level.

An occasional sea level hurricane will run fairly close to the high speeds of the three mile levels, but these are exceptions as surface winds, while they are common at high levels. Ask your aviator friend what he knows about high winds at high altitudes; he will probably give you a lot of surprising information!

All this goes to confirm our ideas about the high places being "waste" places because mankind can't live comfortably where the wind blows at a hundred miles an hour, and a July, or August, snowstorm comes along to cover the spring blossoms, then just coming out at timberline!

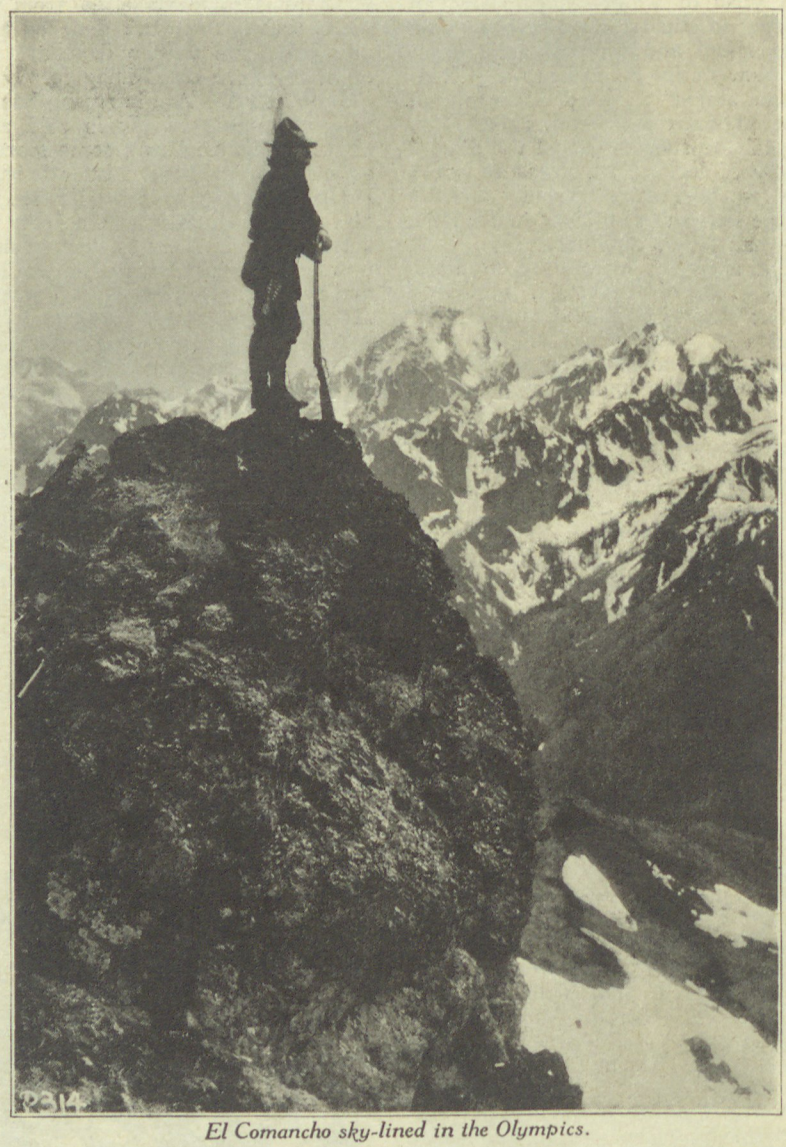
"Summer" up on the high peaks is about six weeks long; the rest of the year is "winter, or mighty late in the fall."

There can be no argument about it—a high mountain top is not a desirable place for man to live steadily the year 'round.

This being the case, humanity, from the point of view of the daily life of man, dubs the whole mountaintop as "waste"—just a snowy pile of rocks, which affords a novel place to look at the world from! Otherwise it is "waste" because *man can not use it,* hence into the discard with it!

That is the common verdict, owing to the fact that *man considers it from his point of view and fails to look deeply enough to find out what nature does with these high places, or how they fit into the scheme of things.*

We know the high peaks are cold most of the time; in fact, they are much colder than the surrounding air almost any time.



El Comancho sky-lined in the Olympics.

This makes a condenser out of every high peak, so it operates to chill any warm air that comes its way. Warm air usually carries a high moisture content, which is brought in contact with the cold peak by the winds, then, at once, the moisture condenses and falls as snow or rain with the chances so strongly in favor of snow that the actual rainfall on the peak in a year does not amount to enough to bother with, while it snows very often.

The chill of the high mountain then acts to bring on a snowstorm every little while the year through, regardless of season or other period of time.

In summer a considerable amount of snow and ice melts and runs off as river supply, but the next winter puts it all back again so the continual, average and permanent volume of snow is not grealty changed through the years.

Nature, then, has a regular job for this mountain peak to do, and the peak is working all the time, as steadily as any man-made factory in the world, and its constant output averages, in annual volume, about the same down through the centuries.

If records were available, one could turn to the tenth of August column and he would find that the mountain had produced about the same average flow of water on that day all the way back through the last forty, or eighty, or ten thousand centuries. It would not vary greatly during the entire life of the mountain, from the day it cooled off and began business, down to the present.

Nature needs all these very high peaks, as centers of cold, which she spots down in every mountain range, everywhere, about so far apart, all the way along the length of the range.

Take the Cascade chain along our west coast as an instance; beginning at the Canadian line we find, within sight of each other, all the way South, the following line of high, snowcovered peaks; Mt. Baker, Mt. Shuksan, Glacier Peak, Mt. Rainier, Mt. Adams, Mt. St. Helens, Mt. Hood, the Three Sisters, Mt. Shasta, the now active volcano, Mt. Lassen, and some more on further south in California. And all within less than 1000 miles from end to end of the chains.

Every one of these peaks is a *condensation center,* and they are all coupled together by a wall of lesser Mountains, all high enough to pull an enormous amount of snow out of the east-bound clouds that originate in the fogs, which hover over the Japan current, in the Pacific Ocean to westward, and are picked up in the cyclonic whirl of the big winter low-pressure storms that travel east over a fixed track thus, bringing their heavy cloud-burden in direct contact with the cold tops of this giant mountain wall to be condensed and dropped on all the peaks as snow.

It is the most beautifully planned scheme of constant supply, transportation and delivery one could imagine to take care of the fixed demand of the land for water!

Without friction, cost, wear, or loss of any kind, the winds are used by nature to collect, transport, and deliver, and then hold in cold storage, an unthinkable tonnage of *pure water in the form of snow!*

In between times, during summer, the same agencies, namely, *air in circulation* and *changes of temperatures* collect, transport and deliver, directly on the surface of the land, all the water needed by the living things of the earth, from the most humble plant up to man!

The plans, and works, of all mankind, beside this Cosmic organization, look like puny kindergarten playthings!

What machinery has man ever invented that will gather such an unstable thing as fog, over a thousand-mile circle, lift it up to five-mile altitudes, (*Continued on page 42*)

Just Between You and Me

A personal chat with the League's National President

By CHARLES W. FOLDS

NEVER in the history of man has a more beautiful ideal existed than that for which the Izaak Walton League is fighting and at no period in the history of America has the time been more propitious for a massed attack against the forces destroying our out-of-doors than exists at this moment.

Throughout the country the cry of conservation is being heard and now as never before the sentiment against further unnecessary commercialization of our natural resources is sweeping the land.

Every organization interested in civic betterment has come to know that progress depends upon the saving of the few remaining areas where we and future generations may find that peace and recreation so necessary to our welfare.

The entire North American continent is being placarded with signs urging sportsmanship and attacking the destructive methods of those who, without any thought except monetary gain, would pollute the last drop of water, drain the last slough and chop down the last tree.

A ray of hope is showing above the horizon, for in the home, the church, and the school the issue of conservation is paramount and has become something greater than an intangible myth. It has proved itself to be the needed balance wheel in a nation hitherto heedless of the dire consequences that result from over-commercialization.

The League has pioneered in this awakening of public sentiment and MUST at this time take advantage of the magnificent opportunity by putting real effort into the work.

All of us know that it is only by the closest of cooperation and organization that worth-while results can be obtained. This is particularly true in appealing to legislative bodies in our state or national capitols.

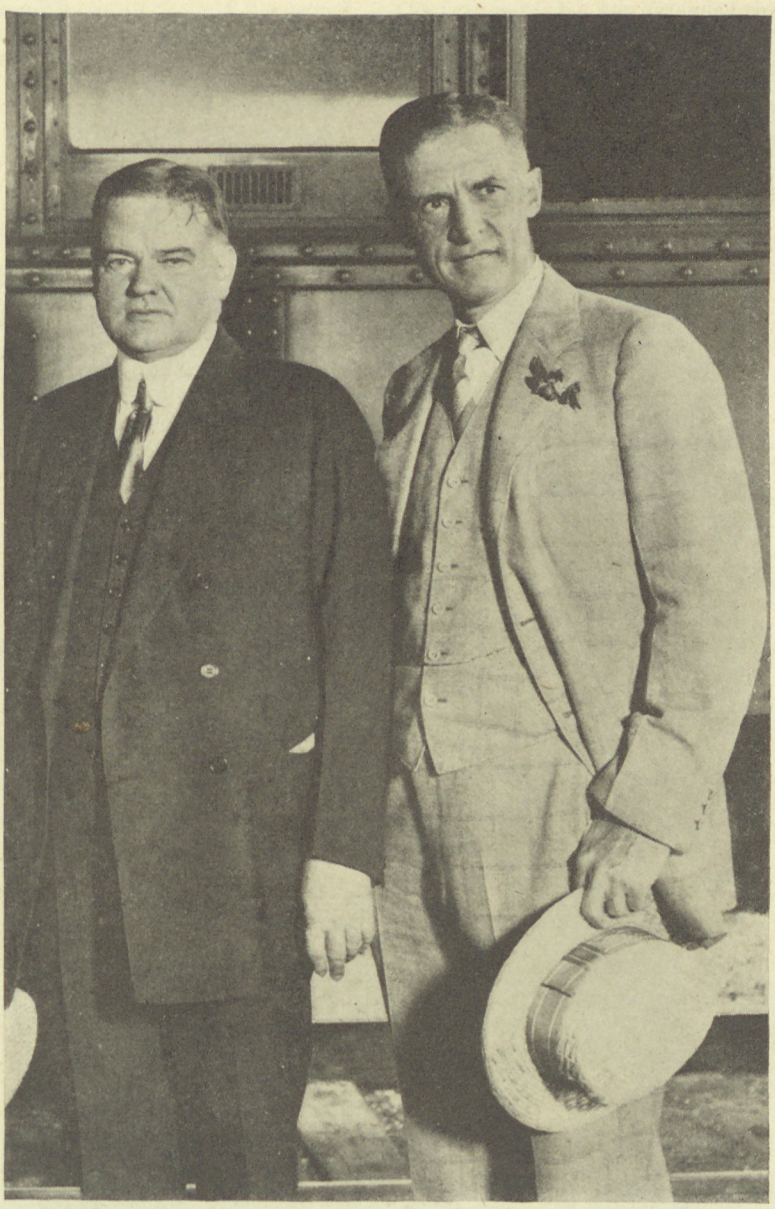
Your national officers have been working hard upon a definite plan to present to the chapters for a survey and scientific study of the conditions existing our inland and coastal waters. This survey is to form the basis of a sound corrective measure that will eliminate the abuses we know exist.

This is a tremendous task and while it will be done at a minimum of expense to the League to get the facts will tax the resources of the organization. We are taking time to develop this plan and to get the right personnel as we feel sure the members of the League will approve a careful, well thought out plan that when carried through will bring satisfactory results, as this is a national activity which must not fail.

Your League has grown very fast and in the rapid growth of our membership we have become somewhat impoverished, although fortunately that situation seems to be righting itself. It has been one of the big problems in the administration of League affairs to place the business office of the League where funds from the membership are handled, upon a business basis, to insure a future for the organization. To this end it has seemed common sense to put our house in order and the League upon a sound footing before attempting anything that might involve us in another chaotic condition similar to that from which we are emerging.

Your League officers now feel that we have reached a point where we can honestly proceed with the vital problems affecting America and devote our entire attention to the problems of national conservation rather than devote our entire thought and energy to the problems of League administration.

This you may count upon us to do unselfishly, carrying always the thought of this great ideal and the responsibility we owe to future generations yet not allowing our enthusiasm to destroy from within the magnificent possibilities accruing from a common sense viewpoint.



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This photograph of Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover, Honorary President I. W. L. A., and President Folds was taken upon Mr. Hoover's recent visit to Chicago.

Before the Snow

Some Golden Memories of Those Glorious Fall Days of Boyhood

By MERRITT P. ALLEN

Illustrated by Clemens Gretter

HOW often you hear a man tell where he spent his boyhood. It makes no difference where or how he spent it, he is positive that he did spend it, else how can he now be a man? But listen, no man ever spent his boyhood—all of it. Unconsciously a part of that gold was saved, stored away in the vaults of memory from whence he brings it forth and recounts it occasionally, always to find it more precious.

You have a vast store of such wealth, for your youth was invested on a farm. Not that your brain was more receptive than the fellow's from off the pavement, but wandering about the great outdoors you found more gold to coin than he. To him the weather was not a vital factor; if it rained he could take a car to school, the snow was removed from his path as soon as it fell, when the mercury dropped the janitor put on more coal. Nothing in that to create ineffaceable memories. But for you if it rained there was nothing for it but to plod off through the mud to district school. If it was a cold rain the teacher would start a fire in the box stove and the wettest ones were allowed to sit around and dry out. The same in winter after you had waded through the snow. The roaring fire, the feeling of warmth on your legs and hands, the smell of someone's scorched clothing, the laugh that followed, the noon lunch and the games you played up and down the aisles while the storm raged at the windows; there was almost as much fun in a stormy day then, as there is in a week's vacation now.

The first Saturday you followed the squirrels' lead and went for walnuts.

Every man, especially if he is a poet, sighs to be a barefoot boy again. Considering the present price of leather, that is an extremely sane wish, but even in those days when a pair of shoes could be bought for two and a half dollars, men longed to wiggle their toes in the dirt once more. Said Whittier,

"Blessings on thee,
little man,
Barefoot boy with
cheek of tan."

From reading the poem you gather the impression that this New England boy was forever barefoot, year in and year out. His unprotected toes and "turned-up pantaloons" are always in evidence, though everyone knows that a "little man" needs more than blessings on him during a good share of the time. The poet knew it, too, which only goes to show how men cling to the barefoot days and neglect those times "when the frost is on the pumpkin."

In those days you wore copper toed, red topped leather boots, and no king ever trod so proudly unless, perhaps, he was a little king who also had new boots. The modern youth is satisfied with rubber boots and shoes, so he never knows the utter, all-consuming glory that a pair of leather boots inspired. What excuses you hatched up to run errands to the neighbors, how you scorned the bridge when crossing the brook, how high you stepped and how you swung your legs and swaggered, or how defiantly you scuffed in the dirt, cracked pumpkins at one clip, or waded through the bull thistles you had detoured all summer. You were a knight clad in red tipped leather and copper armor, and you sallied forth with a chip on your shoulder to meet those who thought they could "down" those boots.

But they were to see more active and arduous service. Work is never lacking on a farm, but autumn is the season for odd jobs, and a boy ever has been and ever shall be the

champion odd jobber of the world. Old enough to be of use, yet too young to fill a man's place, he falls heir to every conceivable task. "Leave it until Saturday when son can help." Can you remember when you did not hear that? You cannot. Indoors and out, enough work was piled up for that one day to busy you had you been thrice triplets. Because you were light, the highest apples were left for you to pick, and because you were near the ground it was your place to gather the windfalls and carry them to the pig-pen; that you might develop any chance instincts for carpentry you were allowed to bore the holes in the barrels where the ashes were to leach for soft soap manufacture; you chased young cattle on the hill pastures, separated the lambs from the ewes and the pullets from the roosters, held the ladder while father cleaned the stovepipe and, after it fell, as it always did, held the wash basin while mother cleaned father.

What a variety of work and how admirably you fitted into it! Five days a week you attended school and were taught the why and wherefore of books, but on the sixth day you stayed home and did things. Unconsciously you were acquiring an astounding versatility, yet you saw nothing commendable in the fact that you could tell a steer's weight by his girth measure, or a horse's disposition by his eyes, or a cow's milk productivity by the shape of her back. Why shouldn't you know how to hunt and trap and fish, drive oxen, lay a straight row of shingle, chop either handed and rotate crops? It was all in the day's work and nothing when compared to father's knowledge. He was not a skilled laborer, merely a simple farmer, a composite herdsman, horseman, carpenter, machinist, lumberman, agriculturist and financier, with a few side lines such as butchering, building stone walls and keeping bees. You never heard of union hours, there was too much work around to waste time in such talk. He never dinned dogmas into your ears, but from his acts you learned his motto: "Trust the Lord and be a man." He did and he was.

At the first frost things took a turn on the farm. It was the cool breath that came from the belfry door as Old Man Time started up the stairs to ring nature's curfew. Instantaneously the command went forth to prepare for winter. Plants and trees obeyed by calling the sap into their roots and burying themselves under a blanket of withered stems and leaves. The animals heard and heeded. With prodigious bustle mice, chipmunks, and jays converted cracks and crannies below and above ground into granaries, muskrats raised their domes, woodchucks looked at the juiceless clover, and with a disgusted "good night!" took the tube to dreamland, and those creatures that must face the weather thickened their coats of fat and fur.

At home somewhat similar preparations were in progress. The first Saturday you followed the squirrels' lead and went for walnuts, for to go a winter without them was unthinkable. Walnuts, apples, popcorn and cider! Keep your nectar and ambrosia, gods, we don't need them here, thank you. With two gunny sacks in a roll under one arm, the shotgun in the crook of the other arm and the dog trotting ahead, you struck out for the ledge in the back pasture where the shagbarks grew, the best ones were among the rocks, you remember. Those jolly nutting parties that you read about are fine for fun, but if you want the best nuts, you want to go alone and early to those trees you have had your eye on for so long. And take your gun along, for a squirrel pie is not bad and a few more grayers' tails added to the row on the woodshed door will never cause you any sorrow.

Before you reached the pasture wall you heard a volley of sharp barks from the dog, a moment's silence, then the volley was repeated, eagerly and with rising excitement. "He's treed one," you said, and headed for the sound. Scrambling through patches of scrub pine and sweet fern you rounded a corner of the ledge and under a noble shagbark found the dog, head tipped back, eyes in the branches. To save your soul you could not see that squirrel. The grayer is not the vain, boastful, impudent imp that the red-

(*Continued on page 41*)

As you neared the rock you waited while the dog kept moving.

Ain't Nature Grand?

Technique is Technical—if nothing else—even in the lofty science of fly casting

By "DOC" SCHILLING

Photographs by Kenneth M. Wright

Looked a bit like ground-hackle on the leader.

A FEW years ago a fishing friend of mine volunteered to initiate me in the wonders and mysteries of trout fishing. My friend Sam had always ridiculed my enthusiasm for bass fishing whenever the subject was broached with the remark "Coarse stuff, Doc. Why don't you learn to fish trout? It's the last word in fishing." Now I'm not sensitive, but my feelings or pride were just a little bit ruffled as I thought I had just about graduated as a fisherman when I had learned to hook, hold and net small-mouth up to four and five pounds. As a matter of fact, I was, with pardonable pride, a trifle chesty about my ability -- "But Lo, How the Mighty Fall." When Sam tackled me on this occasion he succeeded in convincing me that I had never really fished, all the sport I had been having with stream small-mouth wasn't the real stuff. "All elemental, my boy," said Sam, "it will help you some, of course, but wait until you enjoy the experience of being fast to a two or three pound Rainbow catapulting down stream, out of the water and head over heels like an acrobat a dozen times in thirty yards, then you will have been fishing. That's trout fishing, Doc, forget the bass, that is 'primary stuff'!" Can you imagine my feelings about this time, and my four and a half pound small-mouth mounted at a cost of ten dollars and hanging on my wall at home? "Primary stuff", "elemental", and a "mere beginner in fishing." "Well, all right, Sam, don't rub it in, old man, let's hear more about your trout fishing, maybe I can learn to be a real fisherman."

Sam expatiated laboriously and effusively for hours on the wonders, and I say again mysteries of trout fishing. He explained to me how and when the million different flies he mentioned should be used; told me all about tapered lines, tapered leaders; and I think he also spoke of tapered flies and tapered hooks; anyway there was plenty of tapering. "You must always use small flies in clear water, Doc, and always fish with your face towards the sun. It will quite often be necessary to match your fly with the natural fly prevalent on the stream at the time you are fishing" (although I have never seen any flies similar to those Sam used when he fished with me; that is, not with wings).

He spoke of the necessity of approaching very quietly the spot you intended fishing. "You must not let them see or hear you, Doc. Remember, if a trout hears or sees you, he is gone. Keep hidden, remember the sun, don't even let them see the shadow of your rod on the water. If you feel a strike, just throw your hand back over your wrist and hook your fish very delicately. Remember they're not bass, Doc, and you don't have to break their necks to hook them. This trout fishing is a gentleman's game." (About this time I was feeling like a bum, but had made up my mind to learn to fish trout or die in the attempt. Besides I was a Walton Leaguer and should know this trout stuff and fish, as Sam said, like a gentleman, as all Waltonites do, at times.)

Anyhow, Sam generously offered to escort me to his favorite trout stream the following Sunday, to give me my first lesson in the higher mathematics of fishing.

I was ready bright and early Sunday at three A. M., Sam arrived at about five o'clock. He said it wasn't necessary to go early as you can get trout any time if you know how. So with my five dozen flies which I had purchased for this trip (two dozen Brown Hackles, as Sam said this was a good one); tapered lines; tapered leaders; all except the tapered flies and tapered hooks which my tackle dealer was out of, we started for the Mud River near River Falls, Wisconsin, which was Sam's favorite stream. After a two hour drive Sam stopped—"Here we are, Doc."

I looked about and finally discovered what he called the Mud River, and it occurred to me that the river had certainly come by its name honestly. Wondered how the devil any fish could see a fly in such water. Sam donned his waders, strapped on his creel, put up his rod, and I did likewise, and we started, while I wondered all the time which was the best fly to use. We got down to the stream, and about that time I remembered Sam had told me always to use a light colored fly in dull water, and vice versa. Taking another look at the stream, I decided to put on a White Miller, thinking the trout might see that if they could see anything.

I had noticed that when Sam was leaving the car he reached in and took out what looked like a tomato can with the top carefully covered with paper and a string 'round the paper. I wondered at the time what it was, but con-

cluded it might be a little lunch or something, anyway he was taking lots of care of it.

Sam said he thought the White Miller was OK., and suggested that I fish up stream and he would fish down, which was a very wise move on his part. I worked up stream for perhaps one-half mile, that is, I worked whenever I could get in to cast my White Miller. Apparently, I was more interested in catching birds than trout, as my White Miller was in the trees more than it was in the water.

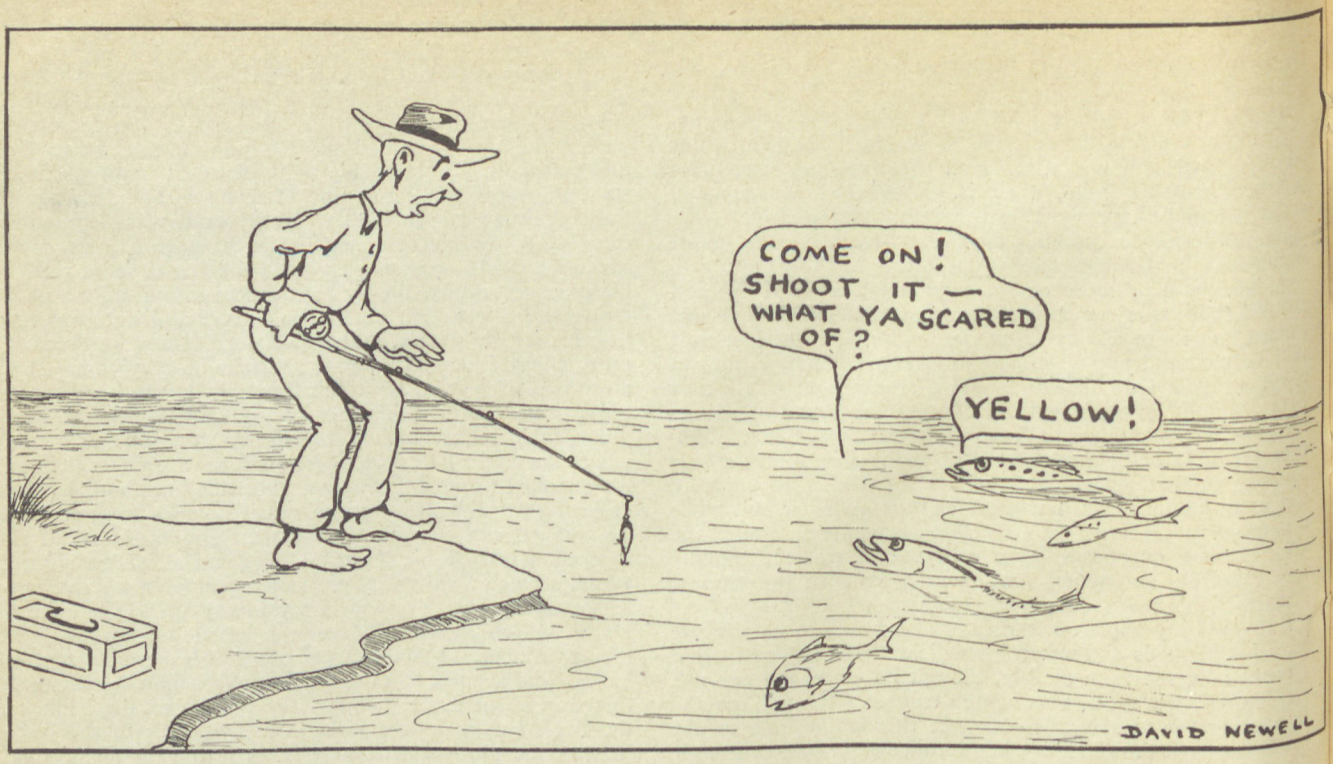
A half mile or more of this and not a sign of trout, I decided there was something wrong with my technique and I must get more advice from Sam. Being sensitive, as I said before, and not wishing to make too much display of my ignorance, I decided to go down stream and watch how Sam did it. Not wishing him to know I was watching, and being honestly anxious to learn all about the wonderful intricacies of trout fishing, I sneaked down stream on the side opposite to that on which Sam had started. I thought I'd watch his method for a while and then go back and make a new start. After I had reached our starting point and gone about a quarter of a mile beyond, I was making my way carefully and quietly, when at a bend in the stream, I heard Sam's voice, cussing a blue streak.

I covered my approach carefully and watched, wanting to learn his methods and watch his delicate handling of the fly. I could now see Sam plainly, though he could not see me, and it was apparent he was having trouble. He was covered in mud and was struggling to get through a hole in the brush to get to the river. When he finally crowded through, he slid down the mud bank to the point he wanted to reach. I was quite sure the trout would never see him, but I was fearful they had heard him. I had not forgotten his advice on the question of perfect quietness. He was quiet all right, after he got located, but I could not understand his methods for quite a while. The first thing he did was to fill his pipe and light it. He then reached in his creel and pulled out the tomato can. He took something out of the can carefully and put it on the end of his line. I supposed of course this was some special fly that Sam had forgotten to tell me about. Then Sam took hold of the hook, pulled back the tip of his rod and flipped the "fly" out in the current. It wasn't like any fly he had advised me to use. I was puzzled and disappointed. He made no pretense of casting, but kept stripping more and more line off his reel and feeding it to the current to carry his "fly" wherever it was he wanted it to go. He repeated this performance several times without success, getting very much peeved the last time he retrieved his line. It seemed the fly had hooked into a section of tree trunk eight feet long and quite heavy, and not wishing to lose his fly, he tugged and pulled until finally he dragged it up to where he could reach it and take his "fly" out. It was a miracle to me that he didn't break his tapered leader.

Having recovered his "fly" Sam backed into the bushes and was lost to view. I found him farther down stream where he had again broke through to a spot which must have looked promising to him. He was breathing hard and swearing terribly, making so much noise that I concluded he had perhaps hooked a good fish, got excited, and sidestepped a few of his theories. He had a fish on all right, which seemed a fair size, perhaps a pound in weight, which broke water once or twice on the way in. When the fish got to where Sam could see it I heard him swear—swear like a trooper. I was surprised at this because to me it looked like a good fish. Sam, however, didn't seem to feel this way about it. He hauled the fish up on the bank, took the hook out, and then kicked the fish back in the bushes, leaving me much puzzled. ("This is a gentleman's game, Doc.") He fished this spot a while longer and then decided to move again. After much floundering around he pulled his boots out of the mud and went farther down again. I followed on the opposite side and again located Sam smashing through trees and brush and mud to another spot he evidently thought was a good one. He had lost his hat and was a sight to behold. I felt sorry because it is not the pleasantest thing to be pushing a bald head through such a maze of brush.

(*Continued on page 46*)

He let his tomato can float down stream.



Casting *in the* Gulf

Where the bonefish, grouper and other similar species take and break tackle as fast as you feed it to 'em, says

DAVID M. NEWELL

Illustrations by the Author

HAVING told the world (which certainly speaks highly for the circulation of this magazine) about the National Tarpon Tournament at Venice, Florida, I want to tell you fishermen a little bit about light tackle sport at this same ideal fishing ground. There are a great many things that I want to do here at Venice, and if things pan out as I hope they will, I should have some interesting yarns under my skin before many moons. I haven't much use for the fisherman who refuses to tell his fellow anglers where they can catch the big ones!

To begin with, there is a fish that inhabits the waters of the Florida Gulf and its many lagoons. This fish is known as a *snook*. His right name is robalo, but we'll call him snook just to be agreeable. It isn't safe to argue a point with a Florida "Cracker" anyway. This snook is a natural born tackle smasher from his heart. He is a sea-going musky! Around Venice we have snooks in great abundance. When the weather is bad—snooks. When tarpon are sluggish or grouper are hard to find (which is seldom)—snooks. When we have a few minutes to fish and want some quick fun—snooks. The snook will strike a surface plug with a vehemence that is warming to the heart! Usually he'll bring along a bunch of the boys to help him—to take a crack in case he misses. You have all heard the story about the place where fish were so plentiful and so hungry that the fisherman had to hide behind a tree to bait his hook? Well, this was the place!

One afternoon I went down to the Pass with a friend of mine. I had lost four plugs the day before, and I regaled my friend with stories of what he must look out for. I could see from the look in his eye that he thought I was spoofing him—or shall we say "snooking" him. But in a very few minutes he found that I hadn't told him the half of it! In forty-five minutes we caught thirty-seven fish—twenty-one snooks, four trout, one red-fish (channel bass), five jacks, and seven bonefish. Together we lost nine plugs! The snooks weighed from two to twelve pounds, the jacks around three, and the trout and bonefish from four to six pounds. One of the trout weighed seven and a quarter pounds. Now if you don't think we had a lively three-quarters of an hour, come on down and try it! The beauty of the thing is that a man can stand on the shore of Casey's Pass practically any day of the year and do much the same thing—that is, he can catch fish of some sort or other with a plug.

Sometimes the bonefish come in enormous schools, and the water is fairly alive with them. It is then that the plug caster is in his element. Practically any sort of a surface bait is acceptable, and the way those hungry bonefish ma it, will astonish you. And a bonefish is an aviator and a acrobat. He is out of the water three-quarters of the time and is fast as a streak.

You chaps who are accustomed to fishing all day for two or three little bass would go crazy at Venice! One day there were nine of us casting, and every man having a strike on every cast. Now beat that one! The funny part of it is that every man was using a different bait. An even funnier part is that it's true!

I found that a brightly colored floating bait was best in the long run. I played the bait exactly the same as I do for fresh water bass, in a series of short, sharp, jerks. This action seemed to be attractive to all the different varieties

of fish. The water is clear in Casey's Pass, and I could see the fish making for my plug. At times half a dozen snooks would rush at it in a body, and if one missed it, the next one wouldn't! And these fish don't come meekly in without an argument, either, but will run and jump to beat the band. A twelve pound snook will give a man all the fun he wants with light tackle.

Much sport may be had over the grouper banks about five miles offshore. Here a man may use a plug, or use his plug casting outfit and cut bait. In either event he is in for a lively time. Of course he frequently ties into something that is altogether too large to handle, and the result is skinned knuckles and broken line. But even this is fun! My idea is that the larger the fish and the lighter the tackle, the more fun.

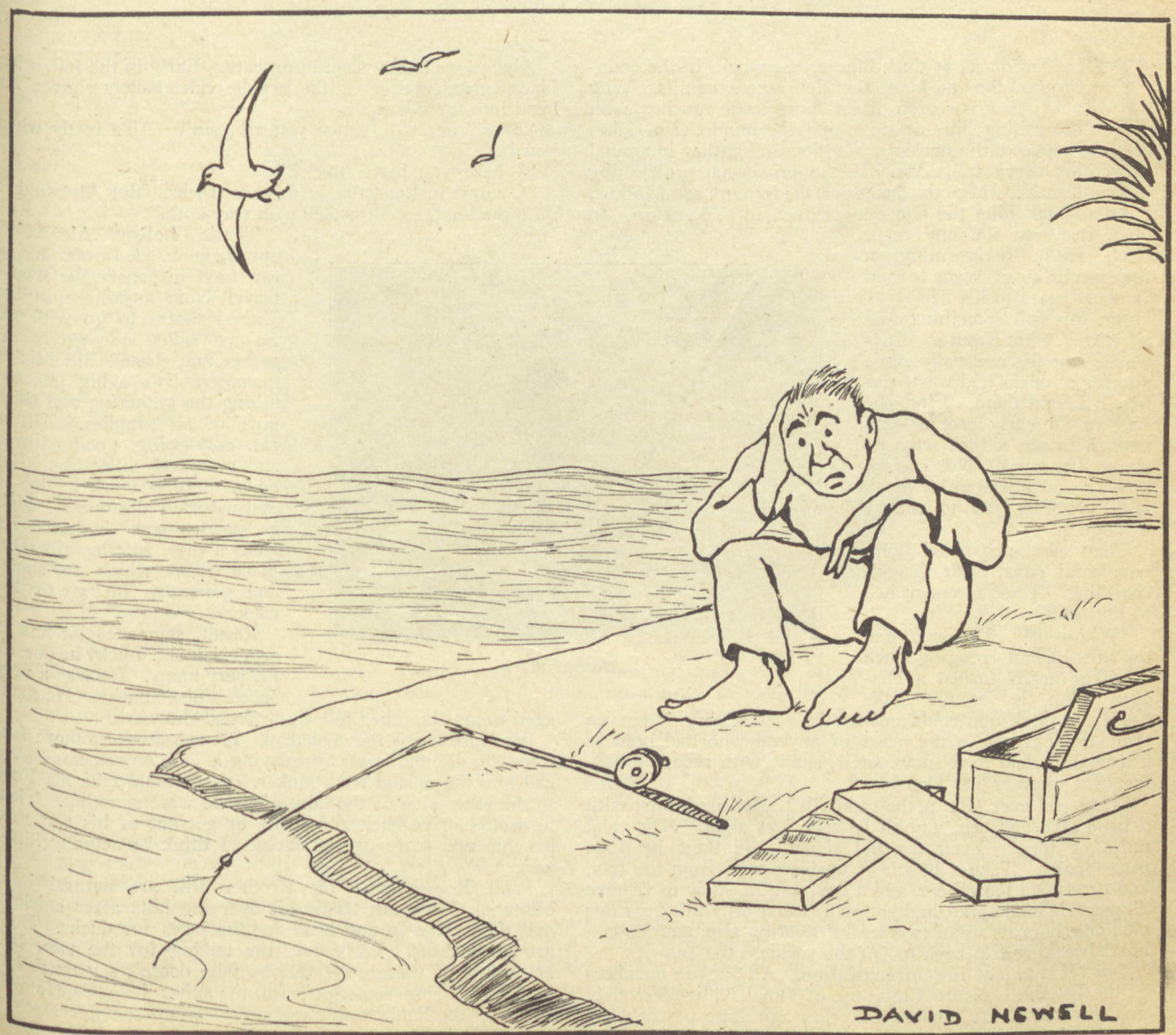
The best time of day for this plug fishing is at a change of tide. From an hour before the tide is low, during ebb, and for an hour after the tide starts in, is the best time. Of course a few fish may be caught at other times, but the best run is at the times I have mentioned. Everyone knows that as a general rule fresh water fishing is best early in the morning and late in the evening. But in casting the salt water pay attention only to the tides. Of course the fish strike a little better when it is cloudy, and when ebb tide comes early in the morning or late in the evening. This is the only parallelism between bass fishing in fresh water and plug casting in the salt water.

I have had excellent sport at Venice in the moonlight, both tarpon fishing, and plug casting. One night I went out around midnight. The tide was running out strongly and the dark water swirled and cut into the sandy shore. As I baited up with a white floater the channel seemed suddenly alive with fish. I watched. Bonefish! Thousands of them! Hurriedly I made a cast—and did what we all do when we make hurried casts—backlashed! The plug splashed into the water scarcely fifteen feet from the bank, but a bonefish nailed it the instant it hit! The line was tangled on the reel, and he broke off the plug on the first run. I lost four plugs that night, and caught six bonefish. These graceful beauties strike so fast and so fiercely that great care must be used or the line is broken.

As all of us know it is not the loss of the fish or the broken line—but the humiliation that accompanies a catastrophe of this kind, that hurts. Perhaps, in fact no doubt, you have seen many a line part with the smash of a bass or that first slash of a musky, but there is something magnificently different about that darting rush of brother bonefish. It is as if he had suddenly taken a dislike to you and your lure and was determined to do his part to destroy everything within his particular range of vision.

It has been said that if someone would hook the tails of a bass and bonefish together the speed and power of the bonefish would result in scaling the bass from being dragged backward through the water at such a rapid rate of speed.

I still like to fish the inland lakes for bass—and Florida is hard to beat in this line—but I must admit that for rapidity of thrills and plenty of action plug fishing in the old Gulf sure has the world cheated!



With all baits gone and your rod busted.

The Gang—one of the greatest collections of grins ever assembled.

Ducks—From the Nebraska Sandhills

Every duck hunter is familiar with the tales of that fall sport in Nebraska. Here is the account of a trip in that region.

By ERNEST BIHLER

TALK to ducks or duck hunters anywhere in the country, and they all know the Nebraska sandhills. Why not? In this region of far flung cattle ranches, with the rolling hills of sand, and the hundreds of lakes nestling between, the ducks by the thousand gather in annual convention every fall. And like the proverbial prairie dog and rattlesnake, where the ducks are, the hunters soon follow.

As a usual thing the October weather in this region is a tonic itself to the city man. Cool, fresh, invigorating, a few weeks of it seem to add as many years to his life.

But this fall something was all wrong with Nature. Maybe she saw the unusually large number of ducks and was rushing in to aid them. First she sent in an early freeze—just enough to put a thin scum of ice on the lakes. Not enough to bear a man's weight, but a back breaking job to w a d e through it.

Then she responded with wonderful days, clear, bright, sparkling. The hunters rushed to the lakes.

"Who-o-o!" Down f r o m the hills like an avenging black cloud of death rushed a blizzard with a 75-mile gale. Snow, so thick one could not see 15 feet. A roaring noise that struck terror to the heart of anyone who had been in a tornado. And then snow, snow, snow, with record breaking cold weather for October.

Were you ever lost in the sandhills? Rolling bluffs, with a little lake between, and all looking just alike. Miles and miles of them. Even the old timers lose their bearings occasionally. Take a bunch of business men from the city, and turn them loose here, add a covering of snow to remove all possible landmarks, and you will realize why this year our club cut short its usual two weeks' hunting trip, and made a heart breaking trip back to Omaha through the snow.

Ours is a unique little organization. All six are members of the Omaha Concord Club, one of Omaha's liveliest civic noonday clubs. A number of years ago four of the boys traveled to the hills, and once trying it, the trip became an annual affair with two more members added.

© Kenneth M. Wright.

Mark Him!

Always we know when to prepare. Early in the fall, a big black representative of the griddle cake bakers shoved his head into my office.

"Boss," he said, "when you all goin'? Ah's ready when you is."

"Where you been Aleck?"

"O down in Loosiana, at de race tracks. But Ah couldn't miss the hunt, so Ah wuked mah way noth."

That's LeRoy Alexander, our big cook. A former dining car food dispenser, he would travel from anywhere in the United States to go with us. So we called our group together and elected Bill Mickel manager. It's a big job, entailing the gathering and shipping of all supplies. Bill is fat, easy-going, good natured and everybody likes him. But when there is work to do, he just naturally disappears. He's a parlor duck hunter. He picks a nice, soft, comfortable place from which to shoot, and generally f o r g e t s his waders.

Result, someone else has to gets his ducks. Lucky he doesn't hit very many. He was a very successful manager. He managed to get the other fellows to do all the work.

Sam Dresher is the comedian. He can think up more fool things to do, and is always playing a joke on someone. We call him the official bank lunker. Sam would take his Ford to the other side of the lake when we were shooting. Then he would drive back and forth, or get out of his car, take his gun and scare up the ducks. I think he actually killed two.

Walt Roessig and his Brother Bill are natural born hunters. They can tramp all over the hills after chicken, and then come in and head for the lakes for ducks. Both are good shots. Walt does the talking for the two, Bill being one of these quiet fellows who doesn't say much but is always doing something for the other fellow. He will make up the bunks and clean up the camp and never say a word. Don Troup is of the same quiet type. Not much on conversation but always in with the gang.

Floyd Parker, Ed and Harry Haney are three boys who go with us from Hyannis. These fellows know the country like a book. They know when to go to the different lakes and are all wonderful shots, besides being the finest kind of companions. Parker travels that country a great deal buying furs from the trappers. He shoots a twenty gauge gun and is known as one of the best shots in that section.

Ed is the sheik of the sandhills and is as good a shot as he is good looking. When he goes into a swamp he always brings back a good bag. I don't know how he wades through that muck with a big load of ducks on his back. Harry is just like his brother.

So much for our party. Our shack is in the heart of the sandhills in the southwestern part of Cherry county, the largest county in Nebraska. We have leased the hunting rights on the Stansbie-Engle ranch and our shack is used as a hay camp in the summer. It is thirty miles northwest of Ashby, Nebr. Fred Engle is typical of the whole hearted hospitality of this section. He always sees to having our supplies hauled from the railroad to the camp, and we are always royally entertained at the ranch. In turn the cowboys delighted in coming over evenings and listening in on our five tube radio set.

We pulled out of Omaha at 6:30 a. m. Saturday October 17, driving three cars. Bill Mickel had been insistent that we start on time, but when we aroused the echoes at his house, he appeared in his pajamas. At Sam's house, he was supposed to have the last supplies all ready for packing, but he was tearing around here and there with small packages asking what to do with this and that.

Finally we were under way. West over the Lincoln Highway we went, reaching North Platte in ten hours, and stopping at Paxton, thirty miles beyond, for the night. The next day we left the Lincoln Highway at Roscoe and turned north, bucking the sand for a hundred miles, to Hyannis. Here we picked up our three friends and guides and then made the camp that night, total distance of about 500 miles.

In the morning, after a hearty breakfast of bacon and eggs, wheatcakes, etc., we decided to go out and look things over. It had been cold and we were afraid of a freeze. Five of us drove to one of the famous mallard holes located about three miles from camp. We parked near a haystack and started for the lake.

"Good night!" said Eddie Haney. "The lake's frozen over—no ducks today," as we approached the shore. Then we noticed several open holes simply covered with ducks.

Two of us went up the lake, two down, and one directly toward the open hole. Before we could get in range, that bunch of mallards and canvasbacks went up like a cloud of smoke. We knew they would circle and come back to open water, so we scattered, broke ice along the lake and set out decoys. Then we sought cover behind rat houses and in the rushes.

© Ernest Bialer

Walt Roessig picks one up—

"Get down, here comes a bunch from the right," said Walt.

It seemed a long time before they came over us. Walt threw up his gun and picked out a nice greenhead and a canvasback. Eddie dropped a couple of canvasbacks. By the time they reached us they were going like the wind, but Don and I managed to pick out one bird each.

Bunch after bunch came in all morning long, and we each got our share. There were plenty of misses that first day, but the shooting was good and the boys soon had their eyes trained properly. Bill Roessig was having the time of his life down at the end of the lake. He had a spot where a great many flocks would swing into the lake from the west and boy, what he didn't do to those bunches!

Eddie and I were standing in the rushes, smoking, when a bunch of ten came up the lake.

"There's a big canner in that flock, and if they come near I'm going to get him," he said. How he could tell a canner that far, was beyond me. I thought he was kidding.

"Get down, they're swinging this way!"

"Bang, bang!" Two ducks came tumbling down. I waded out to pick them up, and sure enough, one was a big canner and the other a mallard hen. Ed certainly can pick them out a long way off, and he can always drop the big ones. For some reason he has a great dislike for spoonbills and never will shoot one.

"I just haven't any use for those shovel-nosed birds, and any guy that shoots them at this camp will sure get razzed," he would remark. After that we had to have some fun with him. So we decided we would all shoot a couple of spoonbills and then swipe Ed's bag and give him the shovel-noses. When we went back to camp that evening Ed went in the house first and so we had our chance.

Within we were all bragging about our dandy bags, and showing them to the others. Ed went out to the car and brought in his to show. When he saw all those shovel-noses—well, the air was certainly full of static.

But returning to that first morning shoot. The birds quit coming after a while and Ed and Walt decided to wade out after the dead ones. It was some job! Soft mud about knee deep and then ice about a quarter of an inch thick to break. For a while they would use their knees and push down on the ice to break it. But this was mighty hard work. So they turned around and sat down to break the ice. When they were through they were all in, so the fellows with hip boots put on their wading pants and did the rest of the retrieving.

Back at camp again in time for lunch, we found the others had also enjoyed some real shooting. About three in the afternoon, the gang prepared for the evening shoot. I might say, at this time, that we have found the evening shooting the best of all. We have tried early morning shooting in the sandhills several times, but have never had much luck. After a few shots the birds leave the lakes and

do not return until evening. We usually went out about nine in the morning, and then about three in the afternoon.

Floyd Parker and Bill Mickel had discovered a couple of good mallard lakes and they decided to try them that evening. The other seven of us headed over to a string of small marshy lakes and scattered out at various passes.

The ducks started to come into the lakes about 4 o'clock and kept coming until dark. Singles, doubles, large and small flocks would drop over the lakes and head in. Sam and Harry were located in a fine place, each behind a big rat house. Our location was not so good, so we watched them perform. A fine bunch would come sailing over the lake, right over their heads, and both would raise up and blaze away. Harry's double barrel was always good for two birds. Sam had a harder time finding them, but he certainly tried every time they were in range, and a good many times when they were not.

Back to camp again with a good bag, and the first day's shooting was over—the best ever experienced for an opener.

There is no hunting trip complete without its poker game, and so after supper the gang got around the table, and the evening two-bit limit session was started. In fact our camp was named "Up Two Bits." And while we enjoyed the game, Bill Mickel's radio set furnished us with music from Georgia, California, Canada, and many other points. But 11 o'clock was "lights out," and we were all ready for the bunks.

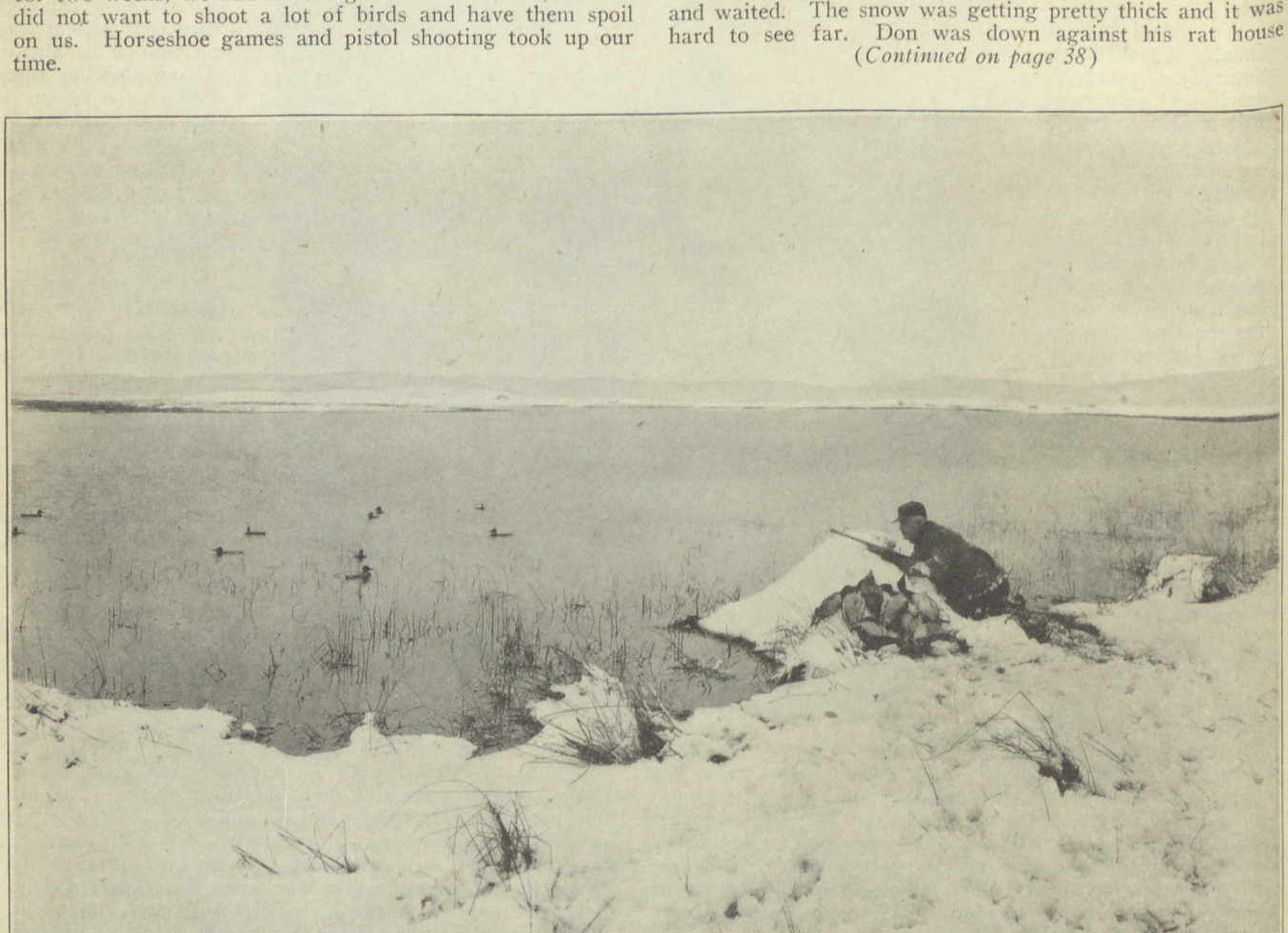
The second day turned out nice and warm, so that we sat around camp most of the time. We were going to stay for two weeks, we had all the game we could eat, and we did not want to shoot a lot of birds and have them spoil on us. Horseshoe games and pistol shooting took up our time.

We had a couple of warm Indian summer days, and then one night the wind changed to the northwest. The next morning there was six inches of snow on the ground, and the lakes were coated with ice in many places. We thought this would be the end of our shoot, for the ducks were going south in large bunches. Some of the gang hiked around the lakes to see if they were frozen up, but came back reporting much open water and plenty of ducks. That afternoon we tried it again, and found a great many of the big northern canners, bluebills and mallards. We were delighted, because it meant good shooting for the next few days. Local canners and mallards are mighty good ducks, but the northern birds are almost twice as large and have an entirely different flavor.

In the morning it was snowing lightly, so a group of us went over to "School Section Lake." This lake is about a mile and a half long and a half mile wide. It is an ideal feeding ground for ducks and can be waded with breast waders—but it is some job. The bottom is soft and full of tangled rushes and floating bogs. It is not a pleasant sensation to be wading, waist deep, step on one of those bogs and feel it roll out from under you. A fellow has to be an acrobat to keep from going under, particularly if he is loaded with gun, shells and decoys.

Floyd, Sam and Harry took the north and east ends of the lake, Eddie found an ideal spot near the center, and Don and I were at the west end. We waded out near the middle of this end, and placed our decoys in open water. Then we found a rat house for a blind. We heard the boys at the other end let loose so we kept close and waited. The snow was getting pretty thick and it was hard to see far. Don was down against his rat house

(*Continued on page 38*)



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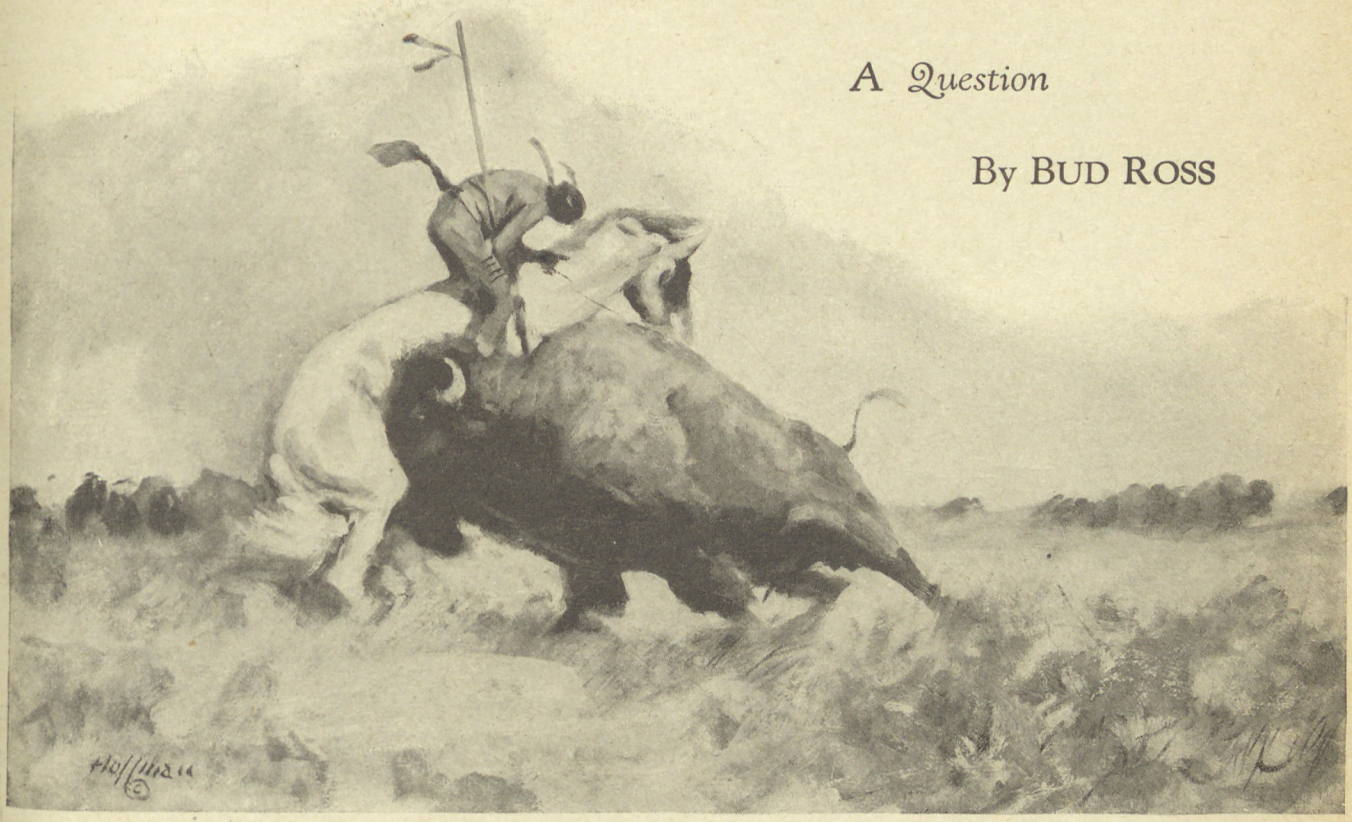
Bill Mickel waits for 'em.

Is This Sport?

A Question

By BUD ROSS



PERHAPS you have seen the screen production of Emerson Hough's famous book "The Covered Wagon" and caught a glimpse of the life lived by those hardy pioneers whose courage made possible this country of ours.

If you did see this picture, did you notice the buffalo herd which gave atmosphere to some of the scenes? Remember it made you feel sort of good—sort of pat yourself on the back, to think that present day sportsmen had foresight enough to preserve such a fine bit of the old west?

It seems there is a slight discrepancy somewhere — you thought too quickly, in other words, for, according to the following clipping carrying a Salt Lake City (Utah) headline, that splendid herd is being put on the block for "sportsmen" who have enough money to stage a "Thrilling Buffalo Hunt":

"Salt Lake City.—On wild, rocky Antelope Island in the southern part of Great Salt Lake a herd of 350 buffaloes roams in careless freedom. They are untamed and fearless, living just as their forebears did centuries ago—the last herd of truly wild buffaloes in America.

"But the sportsmen have marked them for slaughter. Early in November there will begin a great buffalo hunt, probably the last of its kind that the nation will ever see. Hunters with long-range rifles will ride over the 33,000 acres of uncultivated crags, firing at every buffalo they see. The hunt will end only when all but a scant 20 of the original 350 are left alive.

"These 20 will be allowed to go unmolested. In the course of time it is hoped that they will again build up the herd to its former size.

"A century ago, it is believed, there were 20,000,000 buffaloes in the United States, but sportsmen killed them by the thousands, and in 1899 it was estimated that there were less than a thousand of them left. The people became alarmed at the approaching extinction of these wild creatures and protective measures were adopted. Laboriously captive herds were increased, and now it is believed there are approximately 8,000 buffaloes alive, nearly all captives.

"The buffaloes on this island in Great Salt Lake are owned by A. H. Leonard, of Fort Pierre, S. D., who bought them from the Buffalo Island company last spring. They had all grown up on the island unmolested and free, and are as wild as any of the buffaloes that roamed the western plains before the white men came.

"Leonard planned to remove them to his ranch in South Dakota. But they were too wild to be herded as tame buffaloes are herded. It was impossible. So he decided on the great buffalo hunt, to which he has invited the country's most famous hunters—men who have shot lions and tigers in India and Africa but who had never dreamed that they would have the privilege of hunting wild American buffaloes.

"The hunting will be done on horseback, and will require skilled riding and clever marksmanship. No horseman will be able to ride casually alongside a bull and shoot it down. He must stalk it and depend on long shots. The island is 20 miles long and has very little level ground.

"These buffaloes, incidentally, were the ones that were photographed in the moving picture, 'The Covered Wagon.' Getting them within range of the cameras was a difficult and perilous task, and one photographer saw his camera trampled under foot by a bellowing herd, while he barely escaped with his life.

"Many people in Utah are protesting against the hunt, claiming it is unnecessary cruelty to animals that roamed the plains by the millions 50 years ago.

"For a number of years they have roamed in perfect freedom, constituting an interesting relic of America's vanished west. But their days are numbered. The sportsmen are oiling their rifles. The invitations are out."

We ask in fairness—Is this sport?

"Pawnee Bill's" Version

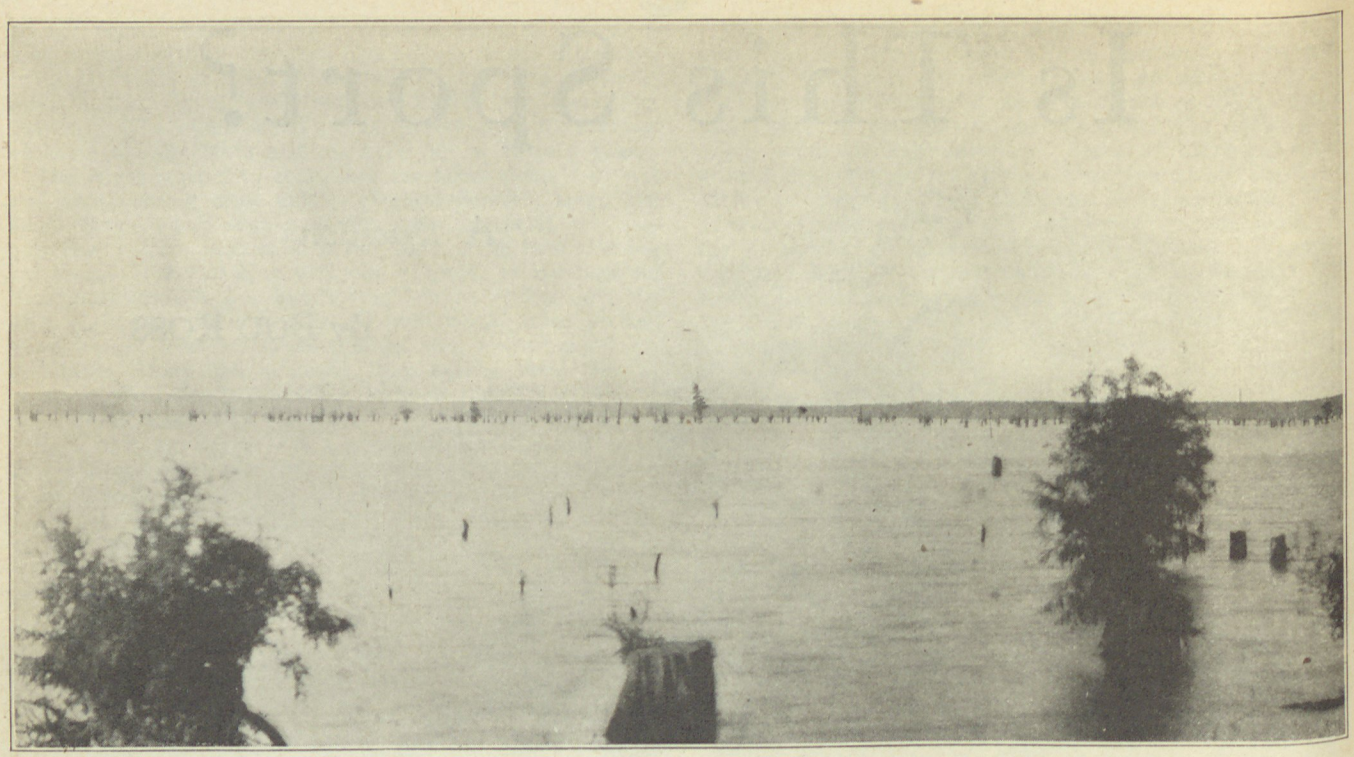
Major Gordon W. Lillie ("Pawnee Bill") sent us a letter from which the following excerpt is taken:

"It is true that in all buffalo herds there is a small surplus of males born each year. I can see no harm in killing them off. But to annihilate this entire herd is a shame and a disgrace and should in some way be stopped.

"I am writing you asking if you won't, through your organization and the Outdoor America, do what you can to prevent this outrage. Salt Lake City alone should preserve this herd as an attraction for the many tourists who visit their city. I will appreciate anything you can suggest that I can do further. Write me. What you did for the starving Elk was wonderful. It's too bad the Izaak Walton League did not come into being twenty-five or thirty years ago. If you ever get out this way I want you to visit my buffalo ranch. With best wishes,

"Your friend,

"G. W. LILLIE,
"Pawnee Bill."



Caddo *(Ferry)* Lake

A Southern Sportsman's paradise is now being protected

By C. A. BEEHN

LONG before the Civil War, long before Shreveport, Marshall or Jefferson were established as trading posts, Caddo Lake was the waterway along which passed the commerce of the Southwest. Later came the oil companies, and hundreds of derricks were mingled with the stumps that dot the surface of the lake.

Within the last few years, however, Caddo Lake's possibilities along another line have become realized. The body of water is destined soon to become one of the recreational areas in this section of the country.

Covering 57 square miles, Caddo Lake is one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the southwest. It is a long lake, winding between two ranges of low hills. On the Texas side—for about half the lake is on the Texas side, and half in Louisiana—miles and miles of shady banks provide stretches tempting to the fisherman.

On the Louisiana side, gaunt skeletons of oil derricks are silhouetted against the sky, affording one of the most unusual sights in the country. Hundreds of them, row on row, cast flickering shadows into the silvery gray water beneath. Night and day the regular monotonous "chug-chug" of the pump engines drifts across the open stretch of water.

At night log rapiers of yellow lights, gleaming from the tops of the shadowy structures, slant on the black lake. And apart from the man-made towers, are jagged stumps, recalling days long gone by, silent reminders of the time, more than a century and a half ago, when a mighty virgin forest whispered in the breezes, which now only ruffle the calm surface of the lake and send tiny waves lapping and licking at the rotting stumps.

The lake's prolific possibilities as a fishing ground have long been known, but not until recently have steps been taken to protect and conserve the great variety of game and other fish to be found in its waters. Sportsmen of the vicinity, awakening to the fact that the fish were being taken out by thousands for commercial purposes, that dynamiting and netting for market was being carried on by poachers to such an extent that the supply was being rapidly depleted and might, unless these lawless practices were curtailed, be wasted entirely, began a fight to save Caddo Lake from these depredations.

In the forefront of this fight is the Izaak Walton League, headed by the Northwest Louisiana and Northeast Texas chapters who have taken up the fight. The Louisiana Legislature passed a law in which the Louisiana part of Caddo Lake was designated as a state fish and game preserve and placed under the supervision of Caddo police, which in turn, appointed a commission of prominent local sportsmen. The commission, through the police, have placed game wardens on the lake and furnished them with the necessary equipment to thoroughly police the waters on the Louisiana side. The Texas fish and game commissioner likewise appointed deputy game wardens and placed them in charge of the Texas side of the lake. War has been waged against illicit fishing from both sides of the state line and the laws are now being rigidly enforced.

The lake is declared to be one of the best breeding places for white perch, crappie and bass in the United States. Because it has large areas of shallow waters, it provides ideal conditions for spawning, and furnishes most of the stock for the Texas fish hatcheries each year.

As has been mentioned before, Caddo Lake has been in the limelight for many years. In 1806, the Freeman-Curtis expedition, exploring Red River by boat, noted the existence of a large lake west of their point of return to Red River. This lake can be none other than Soda Lake and its affluent, Caddo Lake. Since that time, various reports have been made to the department of Interior, and Department

"Swanson's Landing." This was the terminus of the Texas & Pacific Railway before the war, the rails afterwards being taken up and the road built into Marshall.

of Commerce, and in 1914, as a result of litigation arising following the discovery of oil in the lake bed, an ecological and geological survey of the body of water was made by the Department of the Interior.

In this survey, the history of the lake is thoroughly covered, the probable cause of its formation traced and its life as a lake, if the government dam below Mooringsport had not been completed, estimated.

Legends of the lake, handed down, repeated by word of mouth from generation to generation, ascribe the formation of the lake to many causes. One legend tells of an earthquake, that long before the early settlers with their creaking wagons picked their tortuous way across the plains and settled in the country, changed the topography of the land and formed chains of lakes throughout the section. This story, told by Indians to the trappers and frontiersmen that first came to the country, was repeated to the settlers and handed down by them to their children and their children's children. Even today the story is told. There has been a geologist's report suggesting earthquake theory as tenable.

There are other legends, more vague and with even less foundation. But the true history of the lake was deciphered from the writing left by nature in the bed of the lake itself and along the bayous and rivers.

Sometime between 1770 and 1780, the ecologic survey made in 1914 declares, the lake was formed. Prior to that time, the lake bed was the valley of Cypress Bayou, covered with a virgin hardwood forest, centuries old. The ecologist tells of the inundation and describes the country prior thereto, leaving the geologist to point out the cause of the inundation.

Much has been written of the Great Raft, which for many years blocked Red River. Several early settlers and river men spent much time and money trying to clear the water course of barriers but made little progress. The raft blocked Red River for many miles. The raft became solid and collected silt, until it formed a crust on which trees grew, some of them, according to early note, reached a size of 18 inches in diameter.

As a result of this raft, the mouths of the bayous emptying into Red River, were clogged. Cypress Bayou backed up and flooded the wooded valley through which it meandered, forming Caddo Lake. The water from the lake entered the river from below the raft.

During the raft period, navigation through Caddo Lake was at its height. Jefferson, Texas, about 45 miles from Shreveport, by rail, was the head of navigation on Cypress Bayou. Up Red River to the Great Raft, then along the winding bayous into Cross Lake, through Cross Lake and up Cypress Bayou to Jefferson, came steamboats, bearing the supplies to the frontier counties of Texas. Jefferson, at one time was a town of many thousand people, was the terminus to which long wagon trains came from the west to meet the boats from New Orleans. There the frontiersmen came to get the news from civilization.

Caddo Lake was a prominent body of water. The song of the negro stevedores, wheeling cotton bales up the slanting gangplanks, echoed across the waters that were later to carry the "chug-chug" of scores of oil well engines. Steamboat traffic continued on Cross Lake long years after the Civil War, and the boats that navigated the tortuous channel were the finest of the period. An idea of the commerce handled may be had from the report of the Department of Commerce in 1869. The volume of freight passing through the water of Caddo Lake during that year was greater and totaled more than the commerce of the Thirteen Colonies with Great Britain before the Revolutionary War.

An insight to the size of the boats that plied between New Orleans and Jefferson in post Civil War days, is gleaned from an account of a catastrophe on the lake in 1869:

"The Mittie Stephens, Capt. Kellogg, George Remmer, clerk, left Shreveport for Jefferson, Texas, on Thursday, May 11, at 4 o'clock p. m. with over 100 souls on board. Nothing worthy of notice happened until 12 o'clock at night, the time for changing watch, about two and a half miles below Swanson's Landing in Caddo Lake, when Mr. Lodwick remarked to Mr. Swain, the pilot on watch, that he smelled something burning, and at the same time they noticed smoke rising from hay forward on the port side of the boat. The alarm was at once given and the boat headed for the shore, and all hands put to work extinguishing the flames, but without effect.

"In less than five minutes the bow of the boat was run ashore at Jeter's place, at which time the forward part of the boat was in flames cutting off all egress in that direction. The passengers all ran to the stern of the boat, which was some distance from the shore and in water 10 feet deep. Everything was thrown overboard that could be lifted and the panic-stricken passengers were forced to jump into the water in a frantic effort to make their escape from the angry flames. In less than half an hour from the discovery of the fire the vessel was a total wreck and over sixty people perished. The steamer Dixie came alongside of the burning vessel and Capt. Thornton Jacobs and his men rendered valuable assistance *(Continued on page 46)*

© Dr. Loyd Thompson

A nice armful.

Good Riddance

A splendid yarn of the field trials and the stuff of which dogs are made

A two part story

Part 2

By DR. LOYD THOMPSON

WELL, young man, that's just two weeks before the All Southern, and nothing home happens till then. I see Alice nearly every day, and would you believe it, she is out with that drug store cowboy all the time.

When the time comes to go to the trials the General asks me to go with them in their big car, but I decline with thanks, as I'd much rather go on the train than to ride with that he flapper. But I do let him send a horse over for me to ride.

John is there when I get there and he looks like a scarecrow. I never see anyone lose so much weight in so short a time. When Alice sees him she can't hardly keep from crying, but her pride won't let her say anything more than hello, and she's about eating her heart out and is as pale as a ghost herself.

Well, there's a big entry list and the first series takes two days to run it off. We're all standing around in the lobby of the hotel the night of the second day waiting for the names for the second series to be posted. There isn't much doubt about at least four of them. There's McPhyre, the great pointer which is braced with Queen of Mapledale in the National, General Bowron's pointer, John Porter, Gladstone's Ghost, a wonderful Llewellin, and the Irishman, King of Mapledale. All run great races, and are sure of the second series. When the names are posted on the blackboard four others go up with them, and there is the usual comment, joy from those handlers whose dogs go back and sorrow for those who don't. Of course there are some sore heads who are not satisfied with the judges' decision, and make more or less of a fuss.

Neither the General nor Alice nor John are present, but when King of Mapledale's name goes up that cake eating simp which calls itself a doctor

curls up its upper lip with its funny little mustache and throws away its perfumed cigaret.

"My word!" it sneers. "That damned water spaniel in the second series! Why, I have a bull pup that's a better bird dog than he is. There never was an Irish setter that was worth a damn, nor an Irish man either, I might say."

Patrick Callihan is standing near by and believe me, young man, he's not the Irishman to stand an insult like that. His good red Irish face turns pale as he steps up to the doc. Now the doc is no small man himself, but Patrick looks nigh onto twice as big dressed in his rough hunting clothes.

"Begorry," Patrick says, shaking his fist in the other's face, "begorry, you ate thim wor-rds or I'll poke thim down your-r miserable throat!"

Well, I must say the doc is game, for he lights a cigaret, and blows a little cloud of smoke at Patrick.

"Oh, my good man," he says, "don't get excited. Of course I wouldn't soil my hands on such a common bounder as you."

Patrick is just about to sail into him when the crowd gives way and John Kincaid steps up and grabs Patrick's arm.

"Just a minute, Patrick," he says. "It was my dog he was talking about and I claim first chance at him."

Then he turns toward the doc.

"I heard what you said, Lindrom, and I think my family tree is about as large as yours, so maybe you won't feel so much compunction about me, and then too I'm not quite as large as Patrick."

"Oh, it's you, is it?" the doc comes back insolent. "I thought you were out nursing your water spaniel for the race tomorrow."

Then turning to the crowd he says: "This is the hick that wanted to marry my cousin, Alice Bowron, and then got all peeved up when she threw him over to let me play with her."

Crack! John's fist shoots out and catches the doc on the point of the chin and down he goes. It doesn't knock him cold and he scrambles to his feet and starts toward John with blood in his eye. He is a lot bigger than John, but he hasn't any science; just whales around with his fists, never connecting. John waits his chance and all at once he sees an opening, and wham! he catches the doc in the solar plexus with his left, then again on the chin with his right, and the doc goes down for the count.

Two or three of the handlers carry him to his room and soon revive him. He wakes up cussing like a sailor and swearing vengeance.

Well, sir, it's about three o'clock in the morning and I'm pounding my ear at the rate of ninety miles an hour when I'm waked up by a knock on my door.

"Who's there?" I ask startled like.

"It's I, Uncle Tom," comes back Alice Bowron's voice and I never heard anyone sound more excited. "Oh, please let me in quick."

"Just wait a minute till I get on my pants," I say, hunting around for the lamp and some matches.

"Oh, do hurry, Uncle Tom," she moans.

At last I find the lamp and matches and pull on my pants, putting my suspenders up over my night shirt and tucking the tails in my pants. Then I open the door.

"Oh, Uncle Tom," Alice cries as she bursts into the room. "The most horrible thing has happened. You must come with me quick. I have to go home and get back before they start the second series in the morning."

"Why, child," I begin, "it's a hundred and fifty miles home and back and they start the second series at seven o'clock. That gives us only four hours to do it in. It can't be done."

"It can be done!" she cries. "And if you won't go with me I shall go alone, that is, alone with Ned. He has the car down at the back of the hotel now. Oh, won't you please, please, Uncle Tom?"

"Tell me what it's all about," I hedge.

"Oh, there isn't time now. I'll tell you in the car. But please hurry."

Well, young man, what would you do under the circumstances? Oh, you would, would you? So would I, and I did. I tell Alice to go on down and I'll meet her on the back gallery as soon as I can slip into a few more clothes.

When we get into the big car which is purring like a tiger, and like a tiger ready to spring forward, Alice is trembling like a leaf.

"Now step on it, Ned," she says to the chauffeur, and he does.

Man, what a ride! I'll never forget it if I live to be a thousand. It's seventy-five miles home, and believe me some of the road is not exactly a boulevard. Up hill and down hill, cross bridges, around curves; some of the time on the good road the big car is hitting seventy-five miles an hour.

But Ned is a good driver, and it isn't very often he has a chance to let her out, so now as Alice urges him on he struts. Well, sir, when we drive up to the General's house an hour and forty-five minutes elapse since we start.

Alice jumps out and runs up the steps to the front gallery while I sit back and catch my breath.

She tells me what the trouble is as best she can while we are going so fast. I don't quite get it all, in fact, I don't have any idea what she is coming home for, but I do get the main points. It seems that about two o'clock a couple of the handlers are wakened by the loud barking of all the dogs, and they decide to go out to investigate. You see the dogs are kenneled in a barn a little ways down a side street from the hotel. When they get there they find John Kincaid coming out of the barn in a hurry, and he has a hypodermic syringe in his hand. He looks pale as a sheet and trembling all over.

"Boys," he says, "there's been some dirty work here."

Just then they hear a moaning from inside, and they go in and find the night watchman bound and gagged in a stall. There's a big cut on top of his head and he's all bloody. When they let him loose all he can tell them is that the dogs started to bark a little, and when he turns around something hits him over the head, and that's the last he knows.

John is still standing there with the hypodermic syringe in his hand when they hear a dog whining.

They go over to one of the stalls and there is McPhyre, the great pointer, down, and not able to get up. He doesn't seem to be in any pain, but he just can't move his legs. By this time several more of the handlers have come out, including Jake Crites, General Bowron's handler, and of course the first thing he does is to look at John Porter, the General's pointer.

"My God!" he says, and drops down on his knees beside the dog just in time to see him breathe his last.

All the other dogs seem to be all right.

Crites then goes into the hotel and rouses out the General and Alice. By the time they get there practically everybody is there, including Percy.

"What's this? What's this?" the General storms.

"It's like this, General," one of the handlers who first come down speaks up. "Bill and I hear the dogs making such a fuss we decide to come down and see what's wrong. When we get here we see Mr. Kincaid coming out of the barn with a hypodermic in his hand and then we find Art, the night watchman, has been beaned and all tied up. The next thing we find is old Mac down and paralyzed and your dog dead. It looks mighty funny to me, sir."

"What do you know about it, John?" the General says, stern like, turning to John.

"Well, sir," John says, "I was restless and couldn't sleep, so got up to take a walk. As I was coming back I decided to have a look at the dogs, and when I got nearly to the barn there was quite a lot of barking and a light flashing around inside. I don't know just why, but for some reason I suspected something was wrong, so I crept up quietly and looked in through a crack. I saw a man just getting ready to open the gate to King's stall and looking around over his shoulder. It was too dark for me to see who it was, but I had my suspicions, so I ran around to the door, but just as I got there I stumbled and fell, making a great noise. I got up just in time to see the man run out of the rear door. I gave chase, but I was too late and he had disappeared. Then I came back to see if he had done any damage. I found King was all right, but also found this hypodermic syringe outside his stall. I didn't look at any of the other dogs till after Jim and Bill came in."

"That's a likely story," Percy sneers.

"What have you to say, Art?" the General says, turning to the night watchman. "Who do you think it was?"

"I don't know, sir," Art begins.

(Continued on page 43)

Oil Versus Water

A report from the preliminary International Congress on oil pollution of navigable waters

By G. W. FIELD

The Pollution Department is edited by Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, a leading national authority on this subject. We are particularly anxious to know what the individual Chapters of the League are doing to eradicate pollution from their community streams or lakes. Address all such material to Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, Pollution Department, OUTDOOR AMERICA, *536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois.*

OILS of mineral origin, i. e., not including animal, fish and vegetable oils, appear to have peculiar characteristics apart from all the other substances, which are generally regarded as serious pollutants of public waters.

Soluble in water to lesser degree than almost any other compound, those known by the trade names, Crude oil, Fuel oil and Diesel oil, do not mix with water, but rise to the surface, tend to spread over a greatly widening area, accumulate in eddies and quiet areas. They remain either as a film at the surface, or, slowly mixing with water under wave action or other agitation, become in part so-called emulsion, remain afloat for a long and at present unknown period, and then slowly sink to the bottom. Meantime the oil separates more or less into its component substances, some of which gradually pass into solution. Some of these soluble components even in exceedingly dilute quantities are deadly to the delicate newly hatched fish, and the "spat" of shellfish as well as to the microscopic plants and animals which serve as the first food for larval and even for adult fishes, minute crustaceans, and other "fish baits" which constitute the Plankton.

Only in rare and specially aggravated instances is the oil a direct cause of the death of sizable fish and shellfish. Free swimming fishes can leave the affected district, unless trapped in a too extensive sheet of oil. Shellfish can react by closing the shells and checking entrance of the irritating substance. Here the net result may be loss to the shellfish trade through unsalable bad tasting shellfish, or even followed by complete destruction of the shellfish beds.

For the past thirty-five years or more the biological effects of oil and other chemical substances upon aquatic life have been observed and studied. Among others by members of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, later by the officials of the U. S. Department of the Interior, and by the Federal and State Public Health Service, later by members of the Izaak Walton League, notably in Illinois and New York. The first bill for Congressional consideration appears to have been prepared by the writer about 1910 at the request of the late Hon. W. S. Green, of Fall River, Mass., a member of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries. The credit for most recent legislative results enacted are shared by the Hon. J. S. Frelinghuysen and certain colleagues in New Jersey and New York, by the National Coastal Anti-Pollution League which organized effective pitiless publicity, and particularly by the members of Congress, who gave support to such legislation as has up to the present appeared expedient and "practical," embodied in the Pollution Act of 1924.

Mr. Secretary Hoover was one of the foremost to recognize the gravity of the effects of water pollution, and of the responsibility of seeking progressive improvement based upon accurate knowledge of facts. For many years he has been a wise and active proponent of economic justice to Nature and to Commerce. For convenience of preliminary discussion, analysis of the factors involved, and for application of remedial legislation the entire problem of aquatic pollution was divided into three parts.

1. The inland waters, from which oily wastes are ultimately poured into the coastal waters.
2. The coastal navigable waters, from the tidal high water mark to the territorial limit, i. e. three miles from the shore.
3. The extra-territorial waters, i. e. "the high seas."

The first of these still remains without recent Federal legislation, beyond the passage of the Wilson Bill (H. R. 5382) by the House last year. This bill, however, failed to come to a vote in the Senate on account of the press of other matters. It now is a matter for consideration at the next session of the 68th Congress in December 1926.

The second was partially covered by the Pollution Act of 1924, forbidding the discharge of oil from floating craft, etc. Additional legislation is logically needed to cover oil discharges from land plants. Such has been recommended in the recent report of the Chief of Engineers of the Army.

The third, the present Preliminary Conference on Oil Pollution of Navigable waters (as a practical matter limited to non-territorial waters) was made possible by Joint Resolutions of Congress, No. 65, 67th Congress H. J. Res. 297, approved July 1, 1922, requesting the President "to call a Conference of Maritime Nations with a view to the adoption of effective means for the prevention of pollution of navigable waters."

In preparation for this Conference an Interdepartmental Committee was designated to collect and to develop a basis of facts upon which conclusions may rest. These separate and co-operative investigations and reports constitute a very important contribution to the knowledge of many of the conditions and results arising from pollution of waters by oil.

It is but natural that "what can be seen by the naked eye, in daylight in clear weather" should bulk large in the public view. It is difficult for the "practical mind" to conceive that the biological effects can possibly be more serious than are local fire hazards, damage to shore and shipping properties, ruined bathing suits, or even a "coat of 'tar and feathers'" without the feathers. Far and away more serious is the building up of a coating of oil over the waters. A little figuring upon the actual amount of an estimated wastage of 1/100 of one per cent of the quantity daily "produced" from the earth would show an inconceivable quantity of oil which cannot for a long time go back to "innocuous desuetude." The business principle and practice of "getting it so far away that it can never come back" is strongly entrenched, whether the "it" be a surplus family cat or a trade waste requiring "cheap" disposal "to keep down the cost."

Apart from the fact that that portion of oil which reaches the shore ap-

peared to be regarded as of greatest importance, the general consensus was beyond question, the desire to handicap neither Nature, the owner of shore property, nor the commercial oil projects involving the use and transportation of oil.

The greatest volume of the mineral oil which enters the water is a "trade waste"; the major part of this is in the water because under present conditions it does not "pay to save the small proportion, possibly 1/500 of one percent on the average, of the total loss during handling"; yet the total quantity is serious, a tentative figure of perhaps 11,000 tons a year thrown into the sea in the ballast water by vessels entering the Port of New York alone, was reached by the Interdepartmental Committee. Since then however, the authorities on oil transportation affirm that this figure not only can, but will be reduced speedily, through improved methods of manipulation. This was one of the most important of the informal results of the Conference.

The formal aspects lay in marshaling facts, estimating causes and reconciling opinions to the end that a sound basis might be built up for an international agreement relative to the discharge of mineral oils upon the high seas.

The Report of the Interdepartmental Committee was in principle confirmed and accepted. Provision was recommended to extend observations and to transmit the results.

In view of the fact that obviously seagoing vessels carrying crude, fuel and Diesel oil either in bulk as cargo or as fuel for boilers or engines, are the chief sources of oil escape on the High Seas, the discussion was limited to conditions surrounding these.

Though *total inhibition* of the discharge of oil was regarded as desirable, if and when practicable methods of securing it become available, it was very properly agreed that *regulation* should be the first step, and that the enforcement of these regulations should be a responsibility of each nation with respect to its own ships. As a basis for regulations of International scope it was assumed that

"There is no hard and fast line dividing oily mixtures which are harmful from those practically innocuous, and opinions may differ as to the precise point at which the line should be drawn; but the conference, after hearing the experts, came to the conclusion that a mixture containing more than 0.05 of one per cent of crude, fuel or Diesel oil should be regarded as constituting a nuisance, and that for all practical purposes a mixture containing this percentage of oil or less need not, at any rate beyond territorial limits, be regarded as constituting a nuisance. Oily mixtures constituting a nuisance can generally be recognized by the film visible to the naked eye in daylight in clear weather which they produce on the surface of the sea.

"The conference is not in agreement at this time as to the extent and effects of pollution caused by deposit of oily mixtures on the high seas at distances greater than 50 miles from shore. One opinion is that such pollution already exists, that ocean fisheries are thereby endangered, and that oily discharges on the high seas tend to preserve their character for an indefinite period and may be borne by winds and currents into coastal waters and contribute to coastal pollution. For that reason the representatives of some governments considered that after a specified period of notice the discharge of oily mixtures constituting a nuisance should be prohibited everywhere, and that in the meantime a system of areas should be established within which no such discharge should be allowed. The other opinion was to the effect that a sufficient case had not been made out for prohibition everywhere and that the establishment of an effective system of areas would provide a complete or almost complete cure for the evils complained of.

"Both parties agree that the first measure is the establishment of a system of areas and both parties agree that such a system, properly established and properly worked, will go a very considerable way toward curing the evil.

"The conference therefore agreed to recommend that a system of areas should be established on the coasts of maritime countries, and on recognized fishing grounds, within which no oil or oily mixtures, which constitute a nuisance, should be discharged.

"Each country can determine what the width of the areas off its own coasts should be, in the light of its own special circumstances and conditions, such as prevailing winds, currents and the extent of its fishing grounds, and after consultation with its neighbors where this appears necessary. The general rule in the case of coasts bordering the open sea should be that the width of the area should not exceed 50 nautical miles, but that in exceptional cases, where the peculiar configuration of the coast or other special circumstances render such a course necessary, the width might be extended to 150 nautical miles.

"Full information as to the extent of all areas, in the form of marked charts or otherwise, should be circulated to all governments concerned, and it would greatly facilitate the establishment and working of the system of areas under international agreement if one government were to undertake the duty of receiving, coordinating and circulating information upon the subject."

The second major recommendation to the respective governments was a definite step to make it commercially advantageous for vessels to install some adequate type of "Separator" for reclaiming the oil. Such apparatus, depending upon gravity action, was reported to be available and practical.

"There are already a number of vessels equipped with apparatus for the separation of oil from their oily mixtures, and it is contemplated that the number of such vessels will materially increase. One obstacle to the installation of such apparatus lies in the apprehension in the minds of those concerned that under the laws of some countries vessels installing it might either incur some penalty in the matter of payment of dues based upon tonnage or might not receive any benefit from the resulting sacrifice of cargo space. It is recommended that necessary changes in admeasurement laws be made by the various governments to the end that such disadvantages may be removed."

These general recommendations drafted in diplomatic language were supplemented by suggestions for extension and modification as follows:

"That each government should carefully observe the operation and effect of the area system off its coasts, and exchange information thereon with other interested governments, so that if, after reasonable experience, any government may consider that such areas do not sufficiently protect its coasts, or that pollution beyond such areas has become or threatens to become a menace, such government may be in position to raise with the other governments the question whether the discharge beyond the limit of such areas of oil or oily mixtures constituting a nuisance should be prohibited.

"That a central agency be established as soon as practicable for receiving, coordinating and circulating to the governments concerned information of interest relating to the system of areas, the establishment of which is suggested in the foregoing recommendations, the experience with that system and other data deemed advisable."

Such were the chief points agreed upon by this Convention. These will be transmitted to the respective governments of Belgium, British Empire, Canada, Denmark, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, The Netherlands, Norway, Spain, Sweden and the United States of America, all of which participated actively in the affairs of the Convention. Inasmuch as the Convention in effect repeated the well-known words "It is a fact, not a theory which confronts us" there appears to be strong ground for the hope that proper consideration and action will be forthcoming for minimizing the oil upon coastal waters, so that not only the bathing suits of Mary Ann and Gwendoline, the seaside shack of Billy and the castle of William, the sources of sea food will be maintained for Mulberry Street and for the Waldorf and the climate for California and for Cape Cod, by enunciation of the sound economic doctrine that disposal of business wastes shall be made a legitimate and necessary part of the business overhead, and not permitted to be "buck passed" to the public. This is a true saving for the public, for in today's business it is ultimately the public not "Jones" who "pays the freight." Under existing practices pollution of water by mineral oil is essentially a levy upon public convenience and even health, upon property afloat and ashore, and finally even upon such indispensable items as the food supply through the wastage of oxygen, carbon dioxide and climate.

Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

Edited by ED. H. PHILIPPI

Executive Secretary

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Red Wing Chapter at the traps.

Wyoming Convention

THE second annual convention of the Wyoming Division of the Izaak Walton League, was held at Mammoth Hot Springs, Yellowstone National Park, August 24th and 25th. President M. W. Medill, and state secretary J. S. Preece of Rock Springs, Wyoming, in co-operation with the Yellowstone Park Chapter, prepared a splendid program. The Yellowstone Park Chapter made every possible effort to entertain the delegates in a real way.

The officers of the division made a report for the past year and reviewed at considerable length the accomplishments of the Wyoming division. Most of the Wyoming chapters had one or more delegates present and all participated in the business.

Among the resolutions passed were:

Number one—protesting against further encroachment on proposed park area. This resolution was intended primarily to thwart the plan to take a large portion from the Southwest area of the park for an irrigation impounding reservoir.

Number two—Urging the United States government to use extreme caution in predatory animal campaigns so as to prevent the destruction of valuable fur bearers.

National headquarters was represented by Seth E. Gordon, national extension director, who addressed the convention.

Dr. Thos. Winecoff and Frank G. Martion both of Riverton, Wyoming, were elected president and state secretary respectively. Dr. Winecoff is a well known naturalist and spent a number of years in the far north. He is an ardent sportsman and assured the delegates assembled that he would do the best to advance the work of the League in the state of Wyoming during the coming year.

Riverton, Wyoming, was selected as the place for the 1927 convention.

The second annual interstate picnic, sponsored by the Red Wing, Minn., and River Falls, Wisc. chapter of the Izaak Walton League was held recently. The picnic opened with a trap shoot in the morning with some 45 shooters taking part. W. A. Gilmore of Durand, Wisc., was high gun with 94x100; A. C. Adams of Red Wing, second with 93x100; G. W. McCullough of Minneapolis, third with 93x100 and F. G. Jackson of Winona, fourth with 92x100. W. A. Gilmore won a silver loving cup twice and it became his personal possession. He also won first in the doubles with a score of 19x24. W. H. Gilmore, also of Durand won second in the doubles.

In the afternoon, fly and bait casting contests were staged through the courtesy of the St. Paul Bait Casting Club who took charge of these events. Owing to a high wind the fly events could not be run, but Chas. Stapf of Prescott gave an interesting exhibition of fancy fly rod work.

In a kittenball game between Red Wing and River Falls chapters, Red Wing won by a score of 10 to 2. In the horseshoe contests, Red Wing won 2nd place, Hastings 3rd place and Prescott chapter 1st place. Senator Hunt of River Falls, Wisc., and Aug. H. Andresen, Congressman from the Sixth Minn. district, gave addresses of interest to all sportsmen and especially to the citizens of Minnesota and Wisconsin, which were greatly enjoyed by the crowd.

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Casting tournament at Red Wing picnic.

Chapter at Fenton, Michigan, raises potatoes for funds for clubhouse.

Dave Flannigan, Peters cartridge expert shot, gave a wonderful exhibition of fancy shooting with small and large calibre rifles and repeating shot gun.

In the contests for ladies the results were as follows:

Girls' race: 1st Lucille Wold, 2nd Margaret Olson.

Ladies' Race: 1st Lucille Doffing, Hastings, 2nd Amelia Uske, Rochester.

Shoe contest: 1st Mrs. Oscar Nelson, 2nd Mrs. M. McGrew.

Ball throwing contest: 1st Mildred Sherf, 2nd Mrs. M. McGrew, 3rd Mabel Strom.

This picnic is an annual affair, sponsored by the above named chapters for the purpose of promoting a better sportsmanship, a closer relationship and a feeling of harmony between the great states of Wisconsin and Minnesota.

* * *

Joliet, Ill.—Wm. B. Kemp reports that the Joliet chapter recently distributed several thousand black bass fry at various points along the Kankakee river. Their fish hatchery is producing some nice stock and the boys are all looking forward to the seining and draining of the ponds in preparation for winter. Dr. Mulford predicts that next year they will increase their hatchery production fifty percent.

* * *

Sunbury, Penna.—Thos. J. Bickel, secretary, reports that 2,000 sportsmen attended their tri-county meet. More than 18 gun clubs, Izaak Walton League chapters and similar county protective associations joined to make the event central Pennsylvania's largest sporting gathering. Many prizes were donated for trap, rifle and fly casting events.

* * *

Ocala, Fla.—Ocala sportsmen elected their officers in the newly formed chapter of Ocala August 23rd, and over fifty sportsmen became charter members. H. B. Clarkson was elected president, Sam T. Wilson, vice president and Horace L. Smith, secretary and treasurer. Many resolutions were passed upon, pertaining to the regulation of the sale of game fish and hunting and fishing license fees.

* * *

St. John, No. Dak.—Mr. Everett C. Stiles, secretary, reports a very successful annual picnic attended by about 300 Waltonians, held at Big Fish Lake in the heart of the Turtle Mountains. Mr. S. W. Thompson, president of Devils Lake chapter, gave a splendid address on the principles of the I. W. L. A. and outlined Missouri-Devils Lake diversion.

Grover Walters, organizer of Indiana Division.

* * *

Oshkosh, Wisc.—Clyde B. Terrell, secretary, reports many members of the Oshkosh Chapter, the Winnebago County Historical Society, the Kiwanis Club and the Oshkosh chapter of the League of Women voters attended the council meeting on the Menominee Indian reservation in Shawano county July 25th at which over 500 Indians were present. Both Indians and Whites were called upon to speak on the matters of water power, forestry, lumbering allotment, and other matters. The purpose of the meeting was to see that the Indians get a square deal in regard to their interests in lumber and water power and that beautiful forests and water falls on the reservations were not needlessly destroyed. Selective cutting of the timber, allowing small trees to grow up and insure a permanent supply of timber was urged. This can be done because Indian Reservations are not taxed and consequently taxes do not eat up the profit from the sale of the timber when it is cut. This plan of selective cutting of trees only when they have reached a diameter of 12" and above was followed by a previous agent. The trees that were brush and small saplings at that time have grown up so that today they are ready for another cutting.

Mr. Arthur Kannenberg, a well known Oshkosh Waltonian and chairman of the Oshkosh branch of the Indian Defense Association, presided. Mrs. Ben Hopper of the League of Women voters of Oshkosh gave a wonderful address on Indian rights, and Miss Gene Sturdevant, representing the Oshkosh chapter of the Izaak Walton League on the Indian Defense Committee, gave a thrilling talk, setting forth the value of the forests and scenic beauties of the reservation in answer to an attorney by the name of Larsen of Shawano, who made the statement that Indians cannot live on scenery.

* * *

Jamestown, N. Y.—J. T. Matson, sec-

(Continued on page 55)

Bass ponds constructed on his farm near Grand Rapids by Henry G. Schuil, President of the Michigan Division.

Field Guns

Edited by OZARK RIPLEY

An Ounce of Experience or a Pound of Excuses

Suppose This Gun Were Accidentally Discharged.

DURING my trips into the open, in the South in winter, and the rest of the time in Northern Canada, along the north shore of Lake Superior, I am always interested in learning about the arms used in most localities.

Naturally when it comes to a final test of merit, experiences are bound to surpass the opinion of private individuals. But the public at large usually know what they want, particularly what their shooting environments demand, and also to a great extent what their purses will stand. The physique of some sportsmen determines their selection, as well as the enormous amount of stuff written about firearms.

Before this writing I had the pleasure of escorting Count Schimmelmann of Denmark to Fredericton, New Brunswick, to await the opening of the big game season around the Cains River. We talked considerably about rifles, and I was very interested in his remarks. He had shot big game most everywhere it was to be found, and he declared that his old type 8 M.M. new Mauser had given him perfect satisfaction everywhere he had used it.

I had to laugh at his statement, for it brought to my mind a very painful, yet droll reminiscence of a rifle incident in the very country he was about to hunt over. Quite a number of years ago I ventured into the vicinity of the Renous, practically all alone, after my first moose. All the spare savings I had accumulated I had invested in a catalog house imitation 8 M.M. It was the jewel of my eye—and I have never been a heavyweight. The rifle stacked up to the heights of my ambition, and the matter of shooting it was a secondary matter. It was rather heavy for me. Even I overlooked in the thrill of possession the fact that I had never shot it before my arrival. Then the sight of and the killing of my first moose.

Late one evening I came across a young bull. He looked as large as an elephant to me as he walked into that wet flat of heather. I was not far away, nevertheless I dropped to my knee, aimed at the left side and fired. Two things fell, I was the first and the moose next. For fully five minutes I reposed in the musk flat on my back with an aching jaw, but with no desire for some time to arise and view my trophy. I tried that rifle several days afterward on deer, when I had developed enough courage to line it up again and pull the trigger. The second wallop I got outrivaled the first about seventy-five per cent, and it is a wonder I ever reached the domain of Uncle Sam with a jaw so swollen and yet without a fracture. Now the queer thing is to this day none of the heavy rifles bother me, but every time I have in my hands an 8 M.M. I feel my courage oozing away. Memory is a very strong companion. Now I wonder if often many do not lose confidence in a certain arm for a similar reason, and blink, and therefore miss with them.

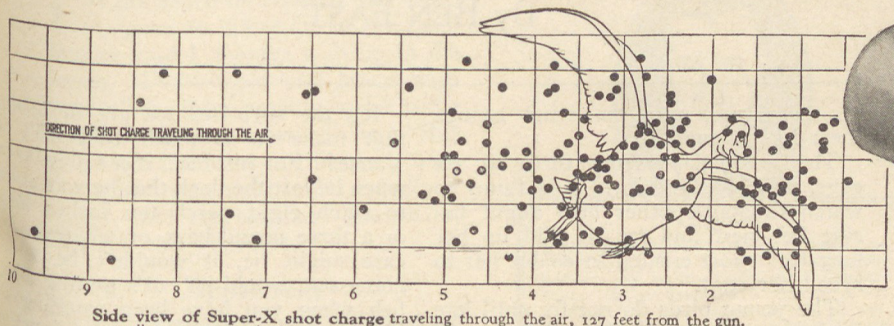
This summer I made a trip on foot with Paul Cameron of Nipigon Village, Chief of the Mission Ojibways, into what is probably the best moose and woodland caribou country in the world, between Nipigon Station and Jack Fish River, simply for exploring with the eye only the domain of wild life. We got to talking about rifles and sportsmen. Paul never fails to get his moose, caribou or bear. He uses nothing else but a 30-30 carbine. He would not have any other rifle at any price. He said most game that was lost by hunters was due to unfamiliarity with their arm, and also because they carried too heavy rifles. There was no need for any heavy rifle for big game. Maybe a sportsman might be a good shot with a fairly heavy rifle, but put him over hills and through muskeg after muskeg and beaver cuttings and he is too tired to shoot accurately when he gets on game. There is something to this, is there not? He added, too, unfamiliarity with a rifle was a sportsman's worst enemy. They wait often until the very moment when they leave for the big woods to buy a rifle. Perhaps before they have never shot a high power, or they have submitted themselves to an unaccustomed change in model or character. They are momentarily handicapped if they are set a pace in the big woods. Paul also advised that frequently men came into the Jack Fish wilderness country after big game who did not know how to function their new arms when they come unexpectedly on their longed-for quarry. But what he thought was the cause of most misses, or badly placed shots, was fatigue which brought an inability to handle an arm quickly.

Another old time Indian who has

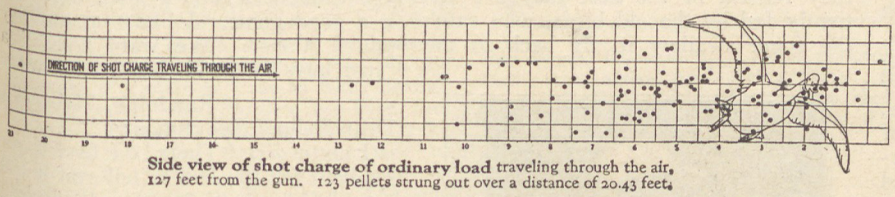
(Continued on page 34)

Short Shot String

Now Revealed as the Secret of Super-X Long-Range Killing Power!



Side view of Super-X shot charge traveling through the air, 127 feet from the gun. 129 pellets concentrated within 4.14 feet. Entire shot charge concentrated within 10.08 feet.



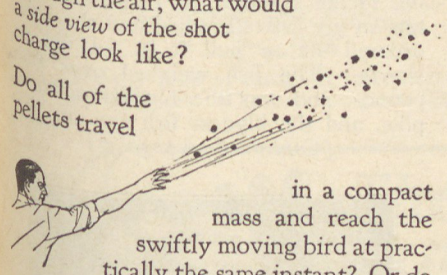
Side view of shot charge of ordinary load traveling through the air, 127 feet from the gun. 123 pellets strung out over a distance of 20.43 feet.

Western's Amazing Achievement Proves Shotgun Load Effectiveness

The game-getting effectiveness of shotgun shells depends upon a factor you may never have considered!

Heretofore, effectiveness has been very largely judged by *pattern* . . . . shooting at a target to see how many pellets hit within a circle, and the evenness of their distribution.

But if you could see the pellets traveling through the air, what would a *side view* of the shot charge look like?



Do all of the pellets travel in a compact mass and reach the swiftly moving bird at practically the same instant? Or do they *string out* along the line of flight like a handful of pebbles thrown at an object, some *trailing* far behind?

Shot String Mastered by Western

Realizing that this important factor could no longer be left to chance, WESTERN developed a machine that *measures* Shot String! It registers the exact position of each pellet in the air, at various ranges!

With this patented machine, the only one of its kind, WESTERN is now able to determine the exact number of pellets actually effective during the flash of a second required for the bird in flight to pass through the path of the shot charge.

Amazing Shot String tests prove that the shot charge of the ordinary load *does* string out as much as 20 feet! Often more!

Having proved this, WESTERN began experimenting to control Shot String through the use of progressive burning powder and successfully developed the famous Super-X shell with its *Short* Shot String—the greatest development in shotgun ballistics in 30 years!

Short Shot String—the Secret of Super-X Long-Range Killing Power

The diagrams above show that Super-X has *more pellets concentrated within 4 feet* (129) *than are found in the entire 20-foot string of the ordinary load* (123).

Super-X gives you nearly twice as many effective pellets, particularly at the longer ranges. Better patterns at *all* ranges. Control of pattern and Shot String extends Super-X killing power *15 to 20 yards beyond the effective range of ordinary loads! Super-X gets the high flyers!*

The Greatest Shell of All

In Super-X, progressive burning powder, scientifically loaded with the aid of the Shot String machine, enables WESTERN to secure high velocity, better patterns and *Short* Shot String.

Super-X was the first shell loaded with progressive burning powder (an original WESTERN development) and, though extensively imitated, it remains today the outstanding long-range load.

Most of the important improvements in ammunition in recent years have been made by WESTERN. The *Field* shell, *Super-X* and recently *Xpert*, a quality load at a popular price. Also the *Lubaloy* non-fouling bullet, *Open-point Expanding*, the *Marksman .22 Long Rifle*, *.38 S. & W. Special*, and others. World's Champion Ammunition. Send for literature.

Write for the Story of Super-X *Short* Shot String

You'll be interested in all the details of Super-X *Short* Shot String. Write for illustrated literature and booklets describing other exclusive WESTERN achievements.

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Branch Offices:
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San Francisco, Cal.
Tacoma, Wash.

Buzz Gibbs as young "Daniel Boone."

Mostly About Boys

Written by the Waltonians of Tomorrow and Edited

By BEN EAST

October has come again. One of the finest times of the whole year, isn't it, boys? Leaves turning yellow and russet and red, falling finally in rustly heaps on the ground. Nutting time, when the frosts have ripened the outer shells of hickory and hazel and butternut, to say nothing of the spiny burred chestnut in the eastern mountains. Hunting time, in most states, for pheasant and partridge and squirrel and rabbit and all the rest. Gee, but your dog sure makes music these clear crisp mornings, doesn't he?

October is the time too for the great fall flight of the birds to their southern wintering grounds. Some of them, that is. Many have already gone, during the late September days, and many others will not leave until the cold storms of November descend upon us.

Speaking of birds, I wonder how many of you boys have seen the big blue heron? You may have called him the sandhill crane, or some other name, but at any rate he is the tall gray chap, almost as tall as yourselves, who wades in the shallow water along the edge of rivers and lakes in the summer days while you are fishing. Like the rest of the birds he will go south, probably some time this month. To me he is one of the most interesting of our birds, because of his nesting habits. You would never guess that so large a bird would nest in trees, but he does, and not only that, but he picks the tallest tree he can find, hidden away in some deep swamp. Then having chosen the loneliest spot he can find, where you are not at all likely to find him, he does not build his nest alone after all. The herons nest in great colonies or rookeries, sometimes hundreds of nests in a swamp.

They will build as many as twenty-five nests in a single tree, if it is large enough to hold that many, and their rookeries are about the noisiest, busiest bird cities I know of. The nests are flat, built rather loosely of sticks, without any lining at all. They are built on very slender branches at the very top of the tree, where the wind swings them like hammocks.

The heron lays from three to six eggs, pale blue in color. It is funny to watch the tall mother bird alight beside her nest and try to fold up her long legs short enough to enable her to brood her eggs.

The young birds do not fly until late in the summer, and during all the weeks they remain in the nest they are patiently fed by the old birds, who catch the food, swallow it, fly back to the nest and there regurgitate it for the young.

Buzz Gibbs with his pet.

Miller, Indiana.

Dear Fellows:

I picked out a magazine to read today, and it happened to be an OUTDOOR AMERICA. After reading some of the experiences told there I decided to write about one of mine.

I had gone to Wisconsin for my vacation, at Wiggan's Bay and all we were catching was a few crappies. One evening I took a long cane pole and a sucker minnow about six or eight inches long, and went fishing. I baited up with the minnow and sat down to await results. In a short time the pole bent just about double and the boat half turned around. After a terrific fight which lasted about twenty-five minutes, I landed a 14-½ pound catfish. It was the biggest I ever saw.

Just a boy,
VANCE DANIELSON.

It's the surprises we get in fishing that make it so much fun, isn't it, Vance? For instance, if a fellow knew when he left the dock that he was going to catch eight perch ten inches long, or a three pound bass, or whatever the case might be, it wouldn't be worth going out, would it? It's getting a big fish when you have been catching all little ones, or landing a catfish when you thought it was a pike, that makes it a good game. I like that ending of yours, Vance. We want a lot more "just boys" around this fire of ours.

Randolph, Nebraska.

Dear Fellow Sportsmen:

I am a girl. There! I first thought I'd wait till the last to tell you but that would be deceiving, and deceiving doesn't go with outdoor folks, does it?

A year ago this summer we stopped on our camping trip for a few days in the complete wilds near East Bearskin Lake, Minnesota. The first day we went fishing, my father, my cousin, the guide and I together. I listened very patiently to instructions in the motor boat about the reel, etc. Well, I am rather a fishing tenderfoot.

Once I had started to fish I said the water seemed to pull hard on my bait, but the men laughed and said to wait till I got a strike.

I got it, and I knew it too! I also got the fish. Coming back I was talking to the guide when I felt a terrific tug on my line. I yelled and the guide ordered me to pull it in. I did so, slowly. The fish weighed over four pounds, and was the biggest northern pike, and the biggest fish too for that

(Continued on page 37)

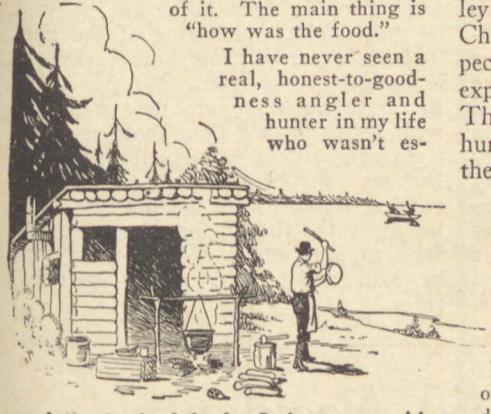
The young blue heron.

Ackerman discusses CAMP COOKING

I'M not much on cooking, but when it comes to appreciative consumption of food I average well up in the scores. I've hunted and fished with some of the most notable cooks in the world. Guides, most of 'em. But give me a hard day on the trail, with the campfire at night and a woodland repast—and you can have your Ritz, Chateau and Waldorf.

Appetizers

Did you ever set out of a night and eat speckled trout and salmon cutlets with that "He-man" of New Brunswick, Harry Allen? Did you ever have a helpin' o' moose liver and a stack o' flapjacks in front o' Louie Harlow's wigwam on the banks o' Peskawah Lake in Nova Scotia? Ever try Curley Phillips' big-horn ram roasts up to the head o' Sheep Creek? Have you tried the shanty cookin' of Ernie St. Jacques, on the Gatineau, or Frank Jawbone at Kipawa? The guy that don't know thinks that all there is to a fishing or hunting trip is how much fish or game you get. That ain't the half of it. The main thing is "how was the food."



I have never seen a real, honest-to-goodness angler and hunter in my life who wasn't especially fond of food. It just goes with the outdoors. There is the great author, Rex Beach, for example. He is perhaps the best posted hunter in America, today. He is a crack shot, loves hunting as few men do, does more of it than anyone I know of; and man—how he can eat!

MORRIS ACKERMAN, born in Georgia, cut his teeth on a muzzle-loader. By nature, he's an inveterate hunter; by profession, an outdoor writer of note. He belongs to a raft of outdoor clubs, and was former associate editor of Outdoor Recreation. He *knows* camp food.

Food Connoisseurs

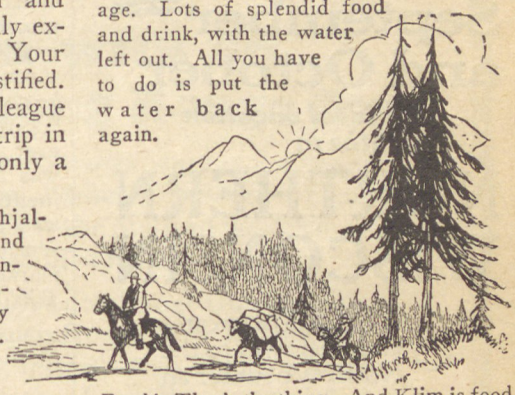
I have fished and hunted with those famous ball players: Tris Speaker, Stanley Covaleskie, Walter Johnson and Charley Jamieson. You'd naturally expect them to enjoy the forest fare. Your expectations are entirely justified. There's a quartette of real big-league hunters! But when they plan a trip in the woods the matter of game is only a part of their anticipations.

I have had interviews with Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Carl Akeley and Kermit Roosevelt. In each instance the matter of hunting, fishing and exploration was naturally the chief topic of conversation. But don't think this little question of "what did you have to eat" didn't take up its part of the discourse. Food! That's the thing!

Take KLIM Along

And don't forget to take along plenty of Klim. Klim is milk. Some folks say Klim is a splendid "substitute" for fresh milk. I say Klim, mixed with the icy waters of the Canadian Rockies, tastes better than fresh milk. It was on the Alberta-British Columbia hunt that I really became intimately acquainted with this product. To start with, the guides, Curley Phillips and Curley Cochrane, raved about the fact that you could carry so much Klim on such a small horse. The cook, Dick, raved because the nine men in the party got the idea that he, Dick, had established some sort of a dairy up there in the mountains. We had milk to drink; milk on our oatmeal; milk on our berries; milk in the coffee and milk in the tea. Milk in the flapjacks, bannock, biscuits and cake; milk in the soup, puddings and pies.

Personally, I'm tickled pink to put in a good word for Klim. It brings fresh milk in camp. It's easy to handle on the portage. Lots of splendid food and drink, with the water left out. All you have to do is put the water back again.



Food! That's the thing. And Klim is food. *When do we eat?*

KLIM The Miraculous Camp Milk Supply!

IF you have never tried KLIM Powdered Milk in camp, get a can today from your druggist or grocer and use it at home. Drink it as a beverage. Use it double strength in coffee. Have them cook with it in the kitchen. It is ideal for every use of milk at home. In camp it is really a miracle.

Think of it: in a 1 lb. can of KLIM, that you can slip in your pocket, you have a whole gallon of milk, in powder form. Keeps indefinitely without ice. Just add water and you have pure, sweet milk again, with all the flavor and nourishment of milk fresh from the dairy. *No camper who tries KLIM once ever goes camping without it.*

You can take the children with you camping when you take along KLIM; sure of a pure and nourishing milk supply.

1 LB. KLIM = 1 GAL. MILK

Merrell-Soule Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

Send along your Camp Cooking Recipes.

Name.....

Address.....

O. A. Oct.

(Continued from page 30)

guided many sportsmen told me—and I agree with him—that the best big game shots he ever saw were snap-shots. The long studious shots generally were too tired to hold a rifle accurately where they ought to place the lethal missile. Unless they came on game early in the day or only a short distance from camp, they were not reliable marksmen.

I personally believe a little analysis of the country they are going to shoot in will help the selection of rifles a great deal. If I were shooting in timber all the time—250—3000 or 256, or 30-30 would be my choice. I would not be bothered by weight of arm or that other important matter, placing my missile where I wanted. I have killed more big game within seventy-five yards than I have at further range. If in a fairly open country large caliber would be my choice with my preference outstandingly for the 30-06.

This thing of unfamiliarity with rifles frequently plays havoc with some of hunters' best laid plans. I recall a friend's change in 30-06 types. He had had excellent success with his converted Springfield, but someone told him that he would find it of little value in the Kipawa bush; in the first place the bolt would catch on everything, and also it would freeze to the point of not functioning when required. His new substitute when he landed in the north country was a lever action 30-06. Usually a good shot he missed two moose, but finally hit one in the hindquarters which carried us several miles through bad cedar and poplar before he could be finished. At once my friend vociferously condemned every 30-06 he ever heard about. Yet unfamiliarity was the cause of his poor and partly ineffective shooting. The lever action was a trifle heavier than his former arm, and most of all what affected his marksmanship was that it had considerable more drop than his old model. The missing of game and the carrying off of the moose were never in his mind mitigated by the true facts which solely were the causes, and with the lack of killing power or accuracy on the part of the firearm.

You know the big shock counts, whether it is done by the little high velocity fellows or potent larger caliber. This summer an accident to the finest young bull moose I ever saw made me realize more fully what shocking power really signifies. Close to Ruby, Ontario, during a driving rain late in July the big young bull tried to cross in front of the Trans-Canada. I saw him run an instant ahead of the train and then start to step off the track. The engine slightly grazed his hip, leaving only a small cut, but he dropped dead instantly in a trout brook just twenty feet from the tracks. The Indians had saved the meat and told me not a bone was broken, and the left hip being slightly disjointed was the only effect of the train besides the cut. I was only fifty yards away from the happening, but the big young bull, with the finest young velveted pelage, never breathed after he fell, and the stiffening of the limbs appeared almost instantaneous.

The more I wander in the woods, the more I believe that the big game rifle used there by the majority is the best adapted to that country. It is practically the same with a shotgun, but not to such a large extent because the stock drop is very important as well as the weight, and boring of the gun. There are not so many bore variations in shotguns as in rifles. We can argue that sportsmen go into new countries with better models than those used by a majority of the hunters living there. But we ask ourselves after all if the resident hunters have not the best scatter guns for the amount they can afford to pay, and the same thing can be said about high power sporting rifles.

Let Us Avoid Accidents

By Walter Wolf

THE most important thing to be learned in connection with shooting is the careful handling of firearms, and the great danger of accidental discharges. Bear in mind that there is an everpresent danger and that guns are made to kill. They are just as effective through accidental discharge as when aim is taken and the trigger pulled. The bullet will penetrate just as deep and just as serious wound will be made in either case.

The muzzle end of a gun is of course the dangerous part, and the observance of a rule that would prevent pointing that part of the gun towards any person or thing which was not intended to be shot at, would greatly lessen the danger of accidental shooting.

Regardless of the condition of the gun, loaded or unloaded, safe or ready, assembled or apart, NEVER POINT A GUN AT ANYTHING THAT IT IS NOT YOUR INTENTION TO SHOOT. It is your duty to yourself and acquaintances to see that they are as careful as you should be yourself. The question as to whether the gun is loaded or not does not enter into or change this warning, for almost daily we read of the accidental shooting of someone by one that didn't know it was loaded. A person that is experienced with firearms is easily distinguished from the amateur in the handling of guns. The experienced man will first examine the firearm to satisfy himself that it is empty, even after being advised that it is not loaded, and then will handle the gun with as much care as though it were ready to be discharged. The amateur usually will take

September and October

are ideal vacation months in

NORTHERN WISCONSIN

SAY GOODBYE to cares and steal away to the North Woods for an autumn vacation as it should be. Forests begin to show splashes of vivid coloring. Bright, sunny days encourage hiking, golf, canoeing and fishing. Cool nights make sleep a delight.

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Luella Hashberger

the person's word that it is not loaded, and without further inspection, point the gun and maybe snap it, to fully satisfy himself that there is not a shell in the chamber.

How many of you have plowed up the dirt at your feet, grazed the head or body of a companion or maybe have put a shot through the kitchen ceiling. If the latter, you probably tried to cover the hole so that there would not be a question asked. I don't know of anything that will make a fellow feel more unnecessary than the accidental discharge of a gun, even if he is so fortunate as to have the missile spend itself in open space, and I guess that most of us have had the experience.

The hunting season is here, and along with it we can expect to hear of the hunting casualties of the fields and northern woods. These fatalities can be prevented, and it is your duty and my duty to be constantly on guard for careless hunters and to tactfully instruct them in the safe handling of firearms. Remember that the chamber of your rifle or shotgun will hold a fatal shell that is often overlooked after the magazine is empty. Do not shoot at a moving object, especially in the brush, unless you know definitely that it is what you want to shoot at. The high nervous excited state that accompanies some of us when we are in the vicinity of game is often responsible for mistaken identities, and many good friends and sometimes the farmer's pet stock have suffered or sacrificed their lives because in your excitement you mistook them for game. Always prove to yourself that you are right before you shoot, because the damage done through accidental shots can very seldom be undone, and a moment's reflection on the consequences of shooting a good friend should in itself make you very careful before you let the death-dealing missile free.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Revolver Rifling

Question from S. J. A., Franklin, Indiana: I have noticed that the rifling in the .38 caliber S & W Special

Mallard

Flight marks: — 24-inch bird; green head with white collar; yellow bill; deep red breast; violet speculum edged with white. Fresh water duck mainly. Flies late September to December, March to May. Utters nasal quack.

Get 'em with an L. C. Smith Long Range Gun

SURGING along at *75 miles an hour*—faster by half than the 24-hour average of the speedboat Rainbow IV—the Mallard is a difficult target at best—and he flies high!

With your L. C. Smith Long Range Gun, though, you can bring him down from a great height, and have the laugh on the fellow who's held his fire a little too long. For the Long Range model is chambered for the high-power 3-inch shell, and makes clean kills consistently at 80 yards.

Before you buy *any* gun, examine this L. C. Smith model at your dealer's, and write for Catalog K 48.

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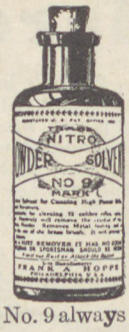

KEEP your shotgun or rifle shooting like a new gun, its bore shining like a mirror. Use Hoppe's Nitro Powder Solvent No. 9 always to clean with after firing.

Removes every last trace of primer and powder acid residue. Removes leading and metal fouling. Absolutely prevents RUST.

Standard for many years. Recommended by the U.S. War Department. Never known to fail when used according to directions. Makes cleaning easy and dead sure.

Send 10 cents in stamps for sample.

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Use Hoppe's Lubricating Oil for all working parts. Pure, light, highest viscosity. NEVER GUMS. Cleans and prevents tarnish on all exposed metal surfaces. Prevents RUST.

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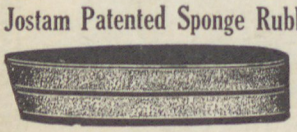
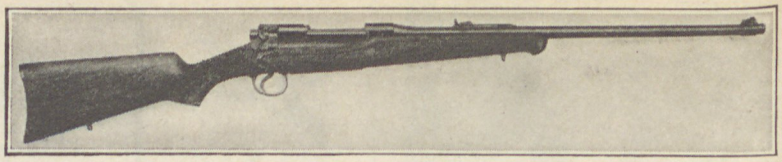


Softest pad made. Patented April 10, 1917. From your dealer or direct. Black 1-PLY $1.50; 2-PLY $2; 3-PLY $2.50.

Red Sponge 50c extra. Send for circular.

Jostam Mfg. Co., 5252 Broadway, Chgo.
Largest Mfgrs. of recoil pads in the world.



The new Remington Sporter.

Military revolver turns opposite to the rifling in the Colt .38 Special Officer's Model, and I am wondering whether there is any particular advantage in the direction of the rifling.

Answer: The S & W revolvers have a right hand twist and the Colt have a left hand twist. There is no advantage in one over the other, as both serve the purpose of spinning the bullet, and the direction of the spinning does not make any difference.

TO our rifle fans who have admired the practical qualities of our own efficient Springfield .30-'06 comes the announcement from Remington of their new sporter.

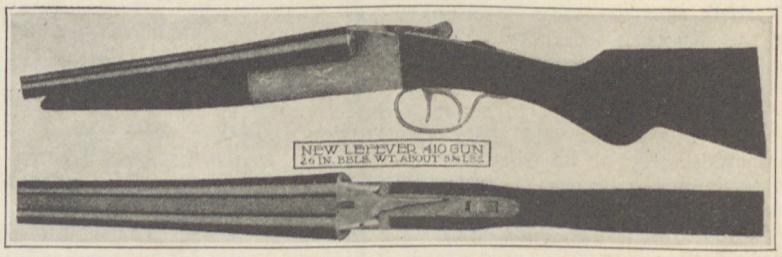
This new piece can be had in calibers .25, .30, .32, .35 and the .30-'06; which permits a game range from squirrels to the largest North American game. The following specifications will give an idea of the more important details: Length, over all, 42¾ in., weight 7¼ lbs., drop, 2⅜ in. heel, 1¾ in. comb, Buckhorn reversible U and V rear and gold bead front sights, receiver drilled for Lyman 48 sight, magazine, staggard box type with detachable bottom, loading capacity, six cartridges including chamber, barrel, 22 in. ordnance steel, accurately adjusted to 100 yds., targeted for alignment and grouping and "proved" with excessive load.

This gun is available at less than the cost of a restocked Springfield and has desirable features for sporting purposes.

TO you sportsmen who pride yourselves upon being pretty good rabbit and wing shots, there is something in store for you if you have not tried out any one of the several makes of .410 gauge guns. The double guns usually have a full choke left and a modified right, and according to reliable authority the killing spread of the full choke (75% choke) is 30 inches at forty yards and a 66% pattern at the same distance. The spread of the modified choke (60% choke) is 36 inches at forty yards and throws a 54% pattern at that distance.

The weight of the gun, the less expensive and light weight ammunition, are big factors in favor of this gun with a fellow who is after sport as well as game. The writer has for the past two years had a lot of fun with a .410 on clay birds with a hand trap. It makes very inexpensive shooting and all of the equipment, including guns, shells and trap, can be carried to almost any convenient locality by one person. After you get onto the knack of handling this light gun, the percentage of breaks will run about the same as with a twelve gauge over the 16 yard trap.

With the advent of this gun came the common descriptive remark "pea shooter", but this little gun has easily proved its merits to the doubters and with one manufacturer, who produces all gauges, the production of the .410 is over ten per cent of the total output.



The new .410 Lefever.

Write to OUTDOOR AMERICA for practical information concerning Arms and Ammunition. We have a special department devoted to such inquiries and there is no charge for this service

Mostly About Boys

(Continued from page 32)

matter, that was caught by the party.

When I got home and told about it everyone said they wanted to see the picture I had taken of the fish. In a few days we got our pictures and that one was the only failure in thirty-six.

But I really caught the fish anyway! Trying to be a good Waltonian, despite my sex, I remain,

HELENE DEENES.

When you have taken pictures as long as the editor has, Helene, and have sat out in the mud a long time, or climbed a tree to get one special one, you will learn that that one is very likely to be the only failure of the bunch. I don't know why it is, but there are so many things that can spoil a good picture, and one of them always seems to happen to the one you want worst. I have learned to play safe, if the picture is one I really care about, and cannot duplicate easily, by taking two, though not exactly alike. One of them is sure to be good, and usually enough better than the other that you are glad you took both.

As for being a girl Waltonian, what could be finer? We are as proud of our outdoor girls as our boys.

70 Canton St.,
Troy, Pennsylvania.

Dear Editor and Gang:

I have been going to write to you for a long time, but have never gotten around to it. Last December my father was killed in an auto accident, and since then I have tried to follow up his work of managing a tire and battery shop here in Troy, and I have found it some job for a boy of thirteen.

One day father and I went rabbit hunting in Becker's woods. The dog scared up a rabbit. I jumped on a stump and father shot. The ounce ball in the shotgun shell went through a little tree about half an inch in diameter, cut down some dead briars, and hit the rabbit in the head.

Some shot, I say, and one I have never seen duplicated.

I am a boy scout and a junior member of your League. Yours for a place around the campfire.

JACK BLOOM.

You are not likely to see a shot of that sort made again, Jack. Sort of a lucky accident, wasn't it, and they don't occur on every hunting trip. We are very sorry to hear about your father, and mighty proud of the way one of our fellows stepped in and tried to do a man's work when the need arose. Write us again when you have time.

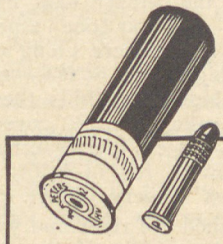
4948 W. Erie St.,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Editor:

I am a boy of eleven years and I was born and reared in Chicago. Until this summer I never had a real taste of country life, but was always anxious to see what it was like. This spring I had an opportunity to get to the coun-

"From then on we used Peters"

"GAME was plentiful and in 11 shots I killed three geese and six ducks. I was the only one of the twelve in the party who used Peters High Velocity Shells, and the only one who got any geese. From then on we all used Peters." Thus one enthusiastic hunter writes us.



Peters Metallic Cartridges carry out the same high plane of performance as is obtained with Peters Shells. For superior accuracy and uniformity in small bore work use Peters.22L.R. "Tack-Hole," the world's most accurate .22. For greater effectiveness on game use the .25-20, .32-20, .25 Rem., .25-35 and .30-30 High Velocity and the .30 Rem. and .30-30 with Peters new type expanding bullet and increased velocity. On Big Game the Peters Protected Point Expanding Bullet (pat'd.) delivers a terrific shocking power.

Almost every man who tries out the Ⓟ Brand classes them as his favorite ever after. You will too.

"Steel-where-steel-belongs" reinforced head, genuine hair felt wadding, superior quality shot, water-tite bevel crimp, and above all the exclusive Peters method of loading combine to produce in Peters shells the uniform, fast, game-getting patterns that are a delight to every user.

Use the red Ⓟ Brand this season and enjoy that confidence that comes with the knowledge that your ammunition is right. Ask your dealer for "High Velocity" — a long range, hard hitting load for ducks, geese, brant, turkey; "Target" — the finest field and trap shell made, in bulk or dense powder and all popular load combinations; and "Victor" — a low priced smokeless shell of typical Peters quality. For the Semi-Smokeless shell ask for "Referee."

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Gun dealers from coast to coast say they never saw a Lefever lock out of order. The Lefever is the only inexpensive double that stands use and abuse. The U. S. Navy buys Lefevers.

Every gun tested with an extreme load. A standardized gun built only in .410, 26 in., 20 ga. and 16 ga., 26 in. and 23 in. 12 ga. in 26 in., 28 in., and 30 in. A Lefever won the World's championship at the Olympic games in London. Lefever has stood for service and durability for over 50 years.

Lefever Arms Co., Ithaca, N. Y.

Catalogue Free

Big Game Hunters

try, and believe me, I did not let it pass.

My uncle, who lives at Ogden, Iowa, was visiting my parents, and he asked them to let my brother and myself spend our vacation with him. My parents gave their consent, and oh, what excitement this caused between us two, as we pictured in our minds the wonderful experiences we were going to have.

Everything finally ready, we boarded the C. N. W. train and arrived finally at Ogden. We arrived there at night, feeling very tired, and went to bed early and got up early the next morning to hear the birds sing and to breathe the refreshing morning air.

We first saw our uncle's fine Irish setter with her seven fine puppies, and then we looked at his guns and fishing outfit. The fishing interested us most, so at breakfast we asked when we could go fishing. He promised to take us soon, and that day he bought us each a rod, line and hook.

When the day came for us to go we got up very early. We needed no one to call us that morning as we usually do. After breakfast we packed our lunch and off we went in the auto. We were to fish at the Frazer dam on the Des Moines river. The road from Ogden to the Frazer dam has a few bad hills, and on one especially it looked as if we were going down the side of a big house, as it is very steep. Between these steep hills there lies a beautiful valley. It is covered with trees, wild flowers and beautiful shrubbery, yellowish red in color. This is the prettiest scenery I have ever seen.

We reached the river and walked out to about the middle of the dam. My uncle fixed our rods for us, but as we had never fished before he told us to watch him before we cast in our own into the water, and although my cast was not a very good one, it was good enough to get a fish. I gave my rod a quick jerk, but to my disappointment I missed the fish. I baited and cast again, and soon I felt something at my bait. The line pulled steadily away from me, and finally I gave a sudden side jerk and I had the fish hooked. I reeled my prize slowly up to the dam and took him off. To my disappointment I had to free him, as he was undersize. I threw him back into the water, pleased at the success of my first attempt, even though the fish was too small to keep.

I was determined to catch one that was of size, so I baited my hook again and cast it back into the water. I soon got another bite, but missed what I think was a good fish by jerking my rod too soon. Being a little more wise by now I waited for the next fish to run with the bait. I hooked him and brought him up, and he was a twelve and a half inch catfish. When I found out he was big enough to keep I jumped with delight! I went home to my uncle's house and lost no time in writing to my parents, letting them know of my first fishing experience. Oh, how I would like to keep that fish forever, to remind me of my first happy fishing day!

My brother, who is much younger than I, had many good bites but lost his fish by not knowing exactly when to hook them.

I think this outdoor life is wonderful. I will be a member of the Izaak Walton League when I grow up.

THOMAS CASEY, JR.

Good for you, Tom. We want every one of you fellows to plan on being members of the League when you grow up.

were it looked like an impossible shot.

Don and I started out to gather our birds during the lull. We left our guns on the rat houses because it was such tough wading, and of course, when we were sixty yards out a bunch of mallards sailed right over our heads, not more than thirty yards above the water.

"Next time I keep my gun right with me," said Don. We hurried back and saw another flock circling toward us.

We waited, and sure enough they spotted the decoys and swung toward them.

"Here they are, let's go."

We raised up ready to shoot, and there was the biggest bunch of spoonbills you ever saw.

"O hell," said Don. "All that trouble for a bunch of spoonbills." We let them go, and saw Ed prepare to shoot them. But when he saw what they were, he fired ejaculations after them instead of bullets. The birds stopped flying so we drove up the lake to pick up the others. Ed had a bag of canners, mallards and northern widgeon. Don and I had mostly mallards and widgeon, and the others mostly canvasbacks.

That afternoon Floyd, Bill Mickel, Walt and I went to another lake known as the dipping vat. The boys had put up a sink box in this lake and also had a boat here. It was too deep to wade.

Bill Mickel being the parlor shooter who wanted the easy place, we put him in the sink box—a steel barrel sunk and fastened so that the top is about six inches above the water. It's a mighty comfortable blind—otherwise Bill would not have used it. I was left on a rat house nearby and the boys put the decoys between us. Walt and Floyd took the boat into some rushes. The others were scattered on nearby lakes.

A flock soon appeared over the boat and they knocked out three before they were out of range. Bill was a funny sight, crouched over the sink box, his nose about six inches above the water, waiting for those birds. They swung over too high for us to reach. I could hear Bill grunt and give a sigh of relief as he straightened up. Then he cussed the ducks.

A moment later he spotted two canners flying low down the lake, like the wind. When they were at the edge of the decoys we fired. Bill knocked the lead duck and I took the other. From then on it was "look out here comes a bunch from the west," or "here come two up the lake."

Some of those canners were too fast for us, but we got a nice bag anyway.

A bunch of four came over us. Bill knocked one out and I missed my shot. He snickered wickedly and started a line of remarks about my shooting ability. The bird dropped close to him and he reached out to pick it up. It was a spoonbill and you can imagine the razzing he got when the boys saw him bringing it in. Floyd and Walt came over to pick us up, and that night we had the best bag of ducks.

Grouse and chicken were scarce this year so that we did not hunt them much. We did go out a few times and came

For Better Shooting—

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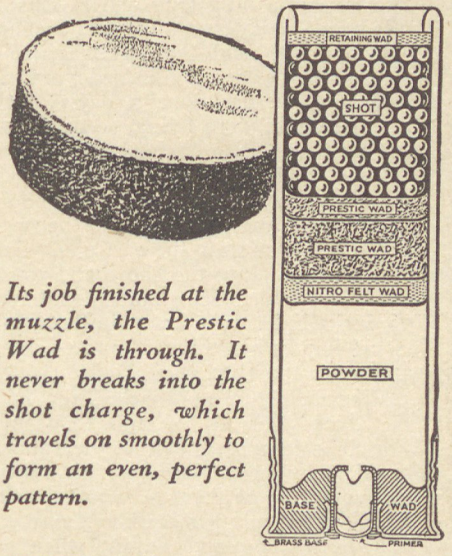

Its job finished at the muzzle, the Prestic Wad is through. It never breaks into the shot charge, which travels on smoothly to form an even, perfect pattern.

SHELLS *with the famous* Prestic Wadding

THE wadding in your shell imprisons a gas blast of several tons' power. Too fragile wadding lets this giant escape. The shots are scattered into patchy groups, velocity is low, range is poor. Yet if the wadding is too hard and loose fitting, it plows through the shot group and scatters the charge.

The famous WINCHESTER Prestic Wadding solves the problem. Cupped firmly into the shell, it tightly seals in the gas right up to the muzzle. Plastic, yet firm, it offers just the right resistance to deliver all that pent-up power squarely back of the shot charge—tremendous power, lightning velocity, utmost range.

Prestic Wadding means:

Complete control of gas blast—better pattern
Smooth, even explosion—lessened recoil
Full power right to the muzzle—high velocity and extreme range

WINCHESTER Prestic wadded shells are famous for their every-day dependability and uniformity. Every load is made to a uniform standard of velocity and pressure.

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WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY, New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

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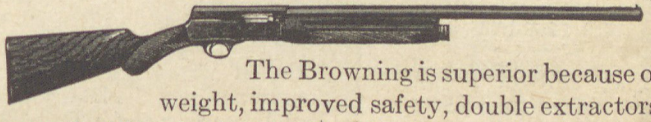
12 AND 16 GAUGE



The Browning is superior because of lighter weight, improved safety, double extractors, magazine cut out, the "Shock Absorber" optional barrel lengths and chokes. Send for a catalog, it explains in detail the numerous refinements.

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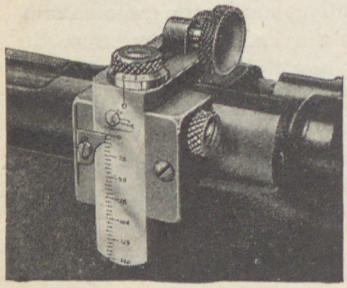

A fine gun completed with the No. 48 W Micrometer Windgauge rear sight at left of receiver. Disc extra if desired.

Price with disc, $11.50.

Now ready—the No. 48 R Sight designed for the new Remington 30. Also the No. 54 on Savage 20, as regular equipment.

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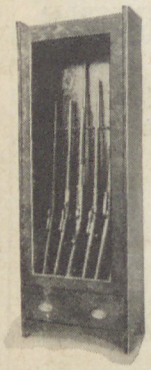

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back with six or eight birds, but we decided to wait until the last day and then devote all of it to hunting chicken. As events developed—we didn't.

Coulee swamp about ten miles from our camp is one of the best duck lakes in that section. Weather conditions were ideal for that lake on one day, so we drove over for the evening shoot. The lake is a mile long and at least a mile wide. It is about waist deep and has the toughest mud bottom imaginable. If a fellow wades a hundred yards in that lake, he has done a day's work. But the ducks were flying, so of course we went.

Floyd and Bill Roessig waded to a couple of rat houses near the middle. Walt, Don and Harry took the west end, and I was near the east end. Sam decided to stick to the shore and would move all around. He would see a bunch of ducks light way down the lake, and would hop in his "flivver" and go down and scare them up.

When we had approached the lake, the ducks got up by the thousands. For some reason we did not then understand, they kept circling high in the air, very few of them leaving the lake. In about ten minutes we knew why. It had been nice and sunny when we started. Then it began to cloud up and a chilly wind came from the northwest.

All at once a big cloud rushed down from the hills and in two minutes we were in the midst of a howling blizzard. When I saw that cloud coming I thought it was a tornado. It was black, and rolled over the hills like a big cloud of smoke.

I have been in two tornadoes and right then I was more interested in getting to a safe place than in duck shooting. Here we were out in the middle of a swamp with no chance of getting to any shelter.

It was impossible to face that north wind and the snow was so thick you could not see fifteen feet ahead. The only thing we could do was to get behind a rat house and wait until it abated. In about twenty minutes it did slacken enough so that you could see about 75 yards. Then the fun began.

It was thrilling to see those canners come up the lake against the wind, fighting it with all their might, their big bull necks stretched way out, and their heads turning this way and that, looking for a better place to light. It was just like a slow moving picture, to watch them as they came over. The snow and the howling wind gave me a sensation I will never forget.

As the birds came over and were within range, you could take your time, pick the ones you wanted and drop them. This was the first time I ever shot canvasbacks and found I had plenty of time to look them over.

But it was a different story when they came down the lake with the wind. You had to lead the first duck about fifteen feet, and then you might hit the third one. And when they dropped they had so much momentum they would sail about 75 yards before they hit the water.

In most places the water was really thin mud, and when those canners hit they went under and stayed there. You had to wade right over and dig them out before the wind would cover the spot where they went down. The ducks were certainly a muddy looking mess when we brought them in and we had to wash every one of them before hanging them up to cool.

I waded down to where Bill Roessig and Floyd were stationed. It was astonishing to see Floyd bringing down canners with that 20 gauge. Time after time I saw him take two and three of them out of a bunch that was coming down with the wind at a terrific pace. Bill shoots a sixteen and he was pulling them down regularly. He had a nice bunch of ducks piled on the rat house in front of him. Just then a lone canner came up the lake and Floyd dropped him. The wind carried it back and it fell right on Bill's pile of ducks. He let out a yell that could be heard for a mile.

I was tired out from wading in that muck and headed for shore with 15 canners. I could hardly stand up when I got to the car. We picked up the other boys and found all had had good luck but were covered with mud. Walt was the prize mud baby. He had lost his balance and fallen backward, and was mud, inside and out. It took him all the next day to get his clothes clean. We were all tired out when we hit camp, but we had the memory of our finest canvasback shoot.

That night was very cold and the next morning we could see bunch after bunch headed south. It was about 5 above zero, the lakes were frozen over and snow threatened. So we decided to break camp. All of us had a nice bag of ducks and all had their fill of shooting. We had left several decoys at one of the lakes so that Floyd, Walt and I drove over to pick them up. We had to chop them from the ice with an axe.

Returning, Floyd and Walt decided to go through a cornfield for chicken. I was waiting for them in the car, when a lone duck circled overhead and lit in the cornfield. I thought I would try for him, so circled the spot for seventy-five yards but never did raise him. I started back for the car, disgusted, when up jumped two chickens.

For the first time in my life I had two chickens flush. "Bang, bang." I got them both. It was a great thrill for a poor shot like me, and made a grand and glorious ending to a wonderful duck hunt. Floyd and Walt had been lucky and had about ten chickens. Returning to camp we packed up. We had a wonderful dinner at Mother Haney's that night. Early the next morning we headed for home. Several times we lost our way on account of the snow covering the trail. There were no signs or any marks to indicate which branch of the road to take. Several times we had to retrace our way for five or ten miles. It took us all day to get to North Platte, a distance of about 125 miles. After supper there, we decided to drive on for

a few hours, and then make Omaha the next day.

We ran into a snowstorm but drove on until we reached Kearney at midnight. After much discussion we decided to drive all night, as we were afraid of being snowed in. So we kept plugging along, and reached home at noon the next day, only to find that the Concord club was staging a Hallowe'en dinner dance, and had arranged to take the wives. We had to report for a short time, but we were too weary to last long on the dance floor. Tired as we were that night we nevertheless voted it the best duck hunt of all.

Before the Snow

(Continued from page 13)

der is; he does not perch in plain sight on a limb and, at the top of his lungs, defy all creation to dislodge him. He is discreet, he values his hide and is always on the other side of something.

He walked around the tree a dozen times and, though you saw the flash of his tail as he slid around with you, there was nothing to shoot at. Then you turned strategist. As you neared a rock you slipped behind it and waited, while the dog kept moving. The squirrel lay low, puzzled at your disappearance, but instinctively he moved with the dog. Your glimpses of him became more frequent but so cunningly did he avail himself of every leaf and knot that you were never certain just where he was and dared not shoot, for to try and to miss a gray squirrel, if he is an old one and wise, is equivalent to giving up the hunt. Your patience will be exhausted before he moves again. "Go for him!" you whispered to the dog. "Stir him up!" With all his lungs he obeyed, dancing on his hind legs and bombarding the tree top with dog talk. It worked. Tricked for a moment by curiosity at the outburst the grayer leaned over a limb. Whang! A shower of dry leaves fluttered down and through it hurtled the squirrel.

After you and the dog had lavishly congratulated each other and remarked on the beauties of cooperation when it comes to handling grayers, you laid the gun in a crevice in the rocks and harvested walnuts. What a tedious job to pick up that number of potatoes! How your back would have ached and your knees would have smarted. But it was fun to gather nuts out there in the crisp air among the yellow leaves, stopping sometimes to plug a few at redders that were not worth shooting. And twice you grabbed your gun and raced off through the woods to bring down a couple of grayers for the dog. Oh, boy, that was a day!

When the sacks were full, you tied their necks and sat on one of them for a time with the gun across your knees and the dog at your feet. The sun was warm, it seemed that summer had stolen back for a farewell kiss and a

STANDARD LOADS of DU PONT SHOTGUN POWDERS

DUPONT OVAL SMOKELESS

Kind of Game	12 GAUGE, 2¾" SHELL, 3 DRAMS, 1¼ OZ. SHOT, 4 SHOT	16 GAUGE, 2¾" SHELL, 2¾ DRAMS, 1 OZ. SHOT, 5 SHOT	20 GAUGE, 2¾" SHELL, 2½ DRAMS, ⅞ OZ. SHOT, 6 SHOT	.410 BORE, 2½" SHELL, ½ OZ. SHOT, 5 SHOT
	VELOCITY IN EXCESS OF			
Turkey-Geese				1164
Brant-Large Ducks	1145	1145	1145	

DUPONT Bulk) SMOKELESS

Kind of	12 GAUGE, 2¾" SHELL, 3 DRAMS, 1¼ OZ. SHOT, 4 SHOT		16 GAUGE, 2¾" SHELL, 2¾ DRAMS, 1 OZ. SHOT, 5 SHOT		20 GAUGE, 2¾" SHELL, 2½ DRAMS, ⅞ OZ. SHOT, 6 SHOT		.410 BORE, 2½" SHELL, ½ OZ. SHOT, 5 SHOT
Medium Sized Game Pheasants	3¼	1¼	2½	1	2¼	⅞	6
Squirrels Rabbits	3	1 1/16	2½	1	2¼	⅞	6
Small Ducks Pigeons Doves	3¼	1¼	2½	1	2¼	⅞	7½
Quail Snipe Woodcock Shore Birds	3	1 1¼	2½	1	2¼	⅞	8
Reds-kail Birds	3	1	2½	1	1¼	⅞	10
Trapshooting	3	1¼	2½	1	2¼	⅞	7½

BALLISTITE (Dense) SMOKELESS
If BALLISTITE (denser) Powder is desired order by grains. A comparison between Bulk and Dense Loads

BULK GRAINS	equivalent to	DENSE GRAINS
3¼	28	20
3½	30	21
3	24	18
2¾	22	16½

* In 12-Gauge loads only Use No 7 Shot.

At the break o' dawn
. . . a keen eye
. . . a steady arm—and
. . . DU PONT OVAL!

DROWSY, chilled to the bone, decoys set—there you are, waiting for that flock of "high flyers". Way off you hear them coming! Awake and confident, you watch them soaring toward your blind. Up goes your gun . . . BANG! Down comes your bird—another proof of your marksmanship and the game-getting powers of DU PONT OVAL!

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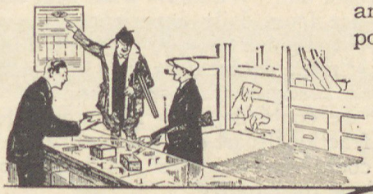
At your dealer's you'll find your favorite shell with a du Pont powder load—the Standard Loads Chart tells you the load for any game—and 7 out of 10 shooters depend on du Pont powders.



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renewal of her promise to return again next year. But she could not stay long for J. Frost was already occupying the house and showing his contempt for its late tenant by throwing out her flower pots, scattering her birds and replacing her tasty green carpets and upholstery with a riot of his own boisterous colors.

Shouldering the gun and picking up the grayers you returned home, hitched the old mare to the stone boat and before night the walnuts were in the woodshed chamber and the squirrels ready for the Sunday pie.

Of all the odd jobs, if you can classify walnut gathering as a job, somehow that was the most satisfactory to you. There came days when the roofs were patched and the windows made tight, the house banked, the soft soap made and stored in barrels in the cellar, and when the ground was frozen the pig and beef were killed and long sausages hung on the back porch to freeze, while the salt pork, hams and dried beef were put down in the pickle; very happy and thrifty days, but when the long expected moment arrived and the snow fell two feet deep in a night, nothing gave you, the boy, quite so much satisfaction as the fact that there were plenty of walnuts to crack.

The High Country

(Continued from page 10)

carry it, still in its original form, for thousands of miles, and then deposit it *at the right point,* and there *put it all in cold storage* to *automatically release it when it is most needed as water* and do all this without a hitch, without stoppage, without strikes, loss of power, or any other thing to interfere with the orderly daily routine, and *keep it all going for a million, or ten million, years, without one single stop!*

The human mind does not quite comprehend so colossal an activity as that! It leaves us groping, half realizing that something is doing but it is so big that "we don't get it" except in the most vague and foggy way!

Yet nature makes no job of doing all this tremendous work and the only tool she uses is *change of temperature!*

Think of it! Today it is cold; tomorrow warm. We know what that means, for we can feel it with our nerves. It means comfort or discomfort; put on, or take off more or less clothing; build up our home fires—or put them out. We know what heat and cold are from daily experience.

What we don't know, or don't think of, is: *what nature does with this matter of changes of temperature.*

If we could do, with heat and cold, one fractional part of what nature does, we could revolutionize the habits of mankind over night!

We do a good deal as it is, but our handling of heat and cold is in a concentrated, local way. We can, in a measure, handle and direct these two cosmic powers that are so immense, so dynamic, so irresistible, that they could be made to rend the whole earth—aye—even the universe, if a directing hand was in charge!

If the degree of heat rises much above our ordinary living temperature we die; if the *degree of cold drops much below our ordinary living temperature we die.*

In every hour of our existence nature holds us all in the hollow of her hand, for she has only to turn on cosmic cold, or cosmic heat, to wipe us out in a breath! Did you ever look at heat and cold from that point of view?

Now, when we begin to realize what "heat and cold" *mean* let's turn back for a look at our mountain "wastes" again—those three-mile-high rock spires that hold in their niches and folds millions of tons of snow and ice.

What about it *now?* Are they *"wastes"* or are they just part of nature's vast work shop, where she stores, in the solid form of snow and ice, *all the water she is going to need next summer to supply the river flow that man depends on to bring water to him, by seepage from river beds into the earth, and the following slow percolation through the soils of lower levels to supply springs, creeks, wells, and other final-delivery-points where man gets the water he drinks to keep him alive?*

How about it brother, is that 15,000-foot pile of rocks a "waste" place—or not?

I leave it to your common sense to answer the question.

Is it up to us to interfere? To "reclaim" that mountain top? What about it?

What about this two legged animal who walks on his hind legs, holds things in his front paws and uses words to blat his ideas to the world—is he "great" (as he always says he is) or is he a helpless little midget form crawling about on the surface of this ball we call a "world" that spins unsuspended and unattached in space?

If you like these stories, write and tell me about it.
If you don't like them, write me your kicks.

El Comancho

Brother, I, myself, have mighty little respect for this insect, "man," when I go up there in the shadow of those mighty rock spires, where the hurricane winds roar among the crags and the cliffs drop rocks as big as a man-made skyscraper off their walls and leave only a little dirty place on the wall!

When I look at the world below, from up there, I feel small; when I gaze about me at slow moving glacier, upthrusting rock spire, mighty walls—all "waste," all useless to man—I somehow don't seem to fit; I don't "belong"; I get, all of a sudden, that tired, helpless, all-in feeling that used to come, away back down the years, when I was so tired, and sleepy, and lonely, that nobody on earth could make life worth while for me but my mother, who used to come then with a soft word and a gentle touch to be a supporting presence, something I knew I could depend on, to make *everything quite all right* as I drowsed off into placid, contented sleep. Do you remember those days brother, when Mother was the only thing that you could believe in, and tie to, *all* the time?

If you do, you know how I feel when I go away up there in the Temples of Silence, three miles above the world, and look at those rocky, snowy "wastes" that *man can't use!*

Somehow I, brother, cannot believe they *are* "wastes"—can you?

Good Riddance

(Continued from page 25)

"But I just picked up this handkerchief over by your dog's stall and it has John Kincaid's initials on it."

The General takes the handkerchief and looks at it careful.

"Is this yours?" he asks, holding it out to John.

"Yes, sir, it is," John says. "I dropped it somewhere last night and got a fresh one from my grip before I started for my walk. Here it is," he continues, reaching for his pocket.

Then a blank look comes over his face and he begins feeling in his other pockets.

"Well," he says, sheepish like, "I must have lost it too."

"General," the doc speaks up, "there's no need to look any further. There's the man who killed your dog and poisoned McPhyre so his damn water spaniel could win tomorrow."

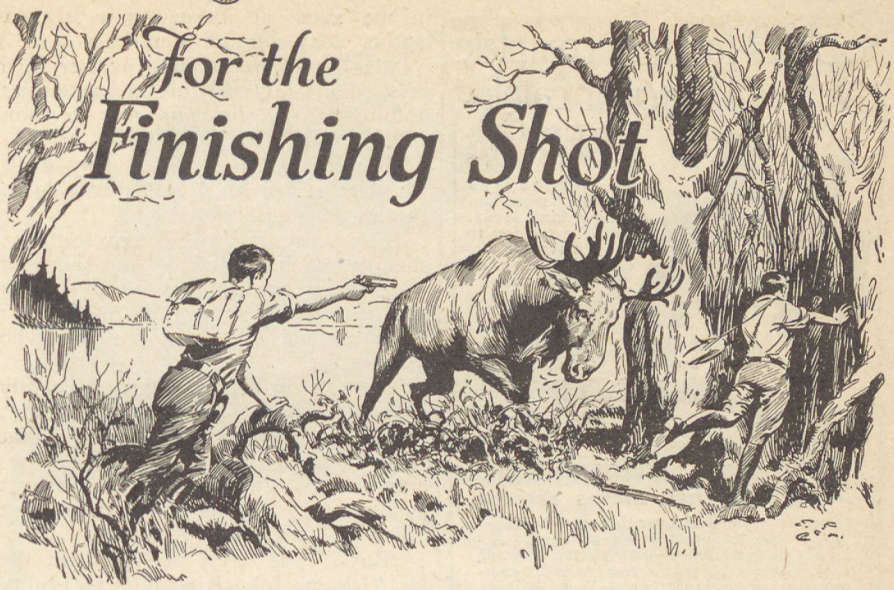
"You damn—" John begins rushing at the doc. But two of the handlers grab him while the General puts up his hand.

"Don't make matters any worse, John," he says sternly. "Doctor Lindrom has made a very serious charge against you. Do you deny it?"

"General, is it necessary for me to deny it?" John says, his face going white.

"If you are not guilty, it is."

"If that's all the confidence you have



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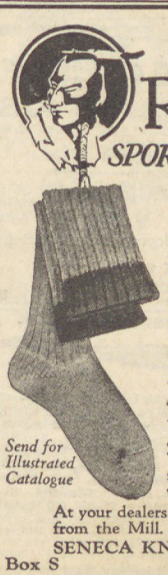

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in me after all these years I shall neither deny nor affirm it."

Alice has been standing by, her face very pale, taking all this in but saying nothing. Now she runs over to John and grabs him by the arm.

"John," she says, "John, why don't you deny it? I know you didn't do it. Please deny it for my sake."

"For your sake," he laughs bitterly, shaking off her hand. "And the man who boasts openly that he has made you throw me over just to make a plaything out of you is the one who accuses me."

Then he walks out amid a deathly silence, as the novel writers would say.

I think I intimate to you before that Alice Bowron is a young lady of considerable spunk, don't I? Well, hurt as she is by John's actions, she isn't going to back down.

"Boys," she says, her head in the air, "I know John Kincaid is not guilty and I'm going to prove it."

"You'll have to prove it," the secretary of the club speaks up sullen like, "or someone else will have to prove it before John Kincaid can run his dogs in the trials of this club."

"Very well," Alice says, turning pale again. "I'll prove it before morning."

With that she runs out before the General can stop her, and it's then she comes to my room and we start on our wild journey.

Where she comes out of the house she has a small package in her hand and we begin our trip back. It's just as wild as the one home only more so, and more than once I think we are done for, but Ned brings the big car around each time just as it looks like we are going in the ditch. When we get back the sun is just coming up behind the hills and the handlers are getting their dogs out and putting them into the dog wagon.

Alice tells me on the way back what it's all about and we barely have time to do the things that are necessary and hunt up the secretary of the club and show him our proof that John is innocent. Then we can't find John high nor low. We hunt everywhere, but he can't be found, neither can his horse, so we know that he must be out riding, trying to think it all out as he always does when he's bothered about anything. But we do find Patrick Callihan, and if ever you see a wild Irishman it's Patrick when we tell him King of Mapledale can run. The dog wagon leaves some time before, but Patrick takes King up on the horse before him and we all start for the field some three miles out.

I think I tell you that besides McPhyre and John Porter, the General's dog, and the Llewellin, Gladstone's Ghost, and King there are four other dogs called back into the second series. Ghost and King have been braced together, so with the General's dog dead, and poor old McPhyre just beginning to get on his feet again, there are only two other braces to be run. These two are run off first, and none of the dogs does anything out of the ordinary, nothing anywhere near equal to the work of Ghost and King in the first series, so it's plain to everyone that the race lies between these two.

When the two dogs are put down there is a great handclapping from the gallery, and well there might be, for they are two beautiful specimens of their species. Ghost is pure Llewellin; purer even than the dogs in the Purcell-Llewellin kennels in Shrewsbury, England, for his blood has been kept clean for generation after generation in this country, while in the English kennels there have been several outcrosses. He is white and black and ticked, weighs about fifty-five pounds and looks in the pink of condition. King is about the same size, but a true Irishman from the tip of his flag to the point of his sensitive, black nose. There is not an ounce of superfluous flesh on him and the great muscles of his legs and loins ripple under his shiny mahogany coat as he strains at his leash rearing to go.

At a signal from one of the judges they are turned loose and are off down the course like two thoroughbreds getting away from the barrier.

For mebbe a furlong they race, the red dog a little ahead, and then he turns off slightly to the right and starts working some likely looking cover. All at once he freezes. He handles his game perfectly and is sent on. Man, what a race! I think I see some field trial races in my day. I think Queen of Mapledale runs a great race in the National, but none that I ever see before, not even Queen's race can touch the work of that great red dog. In addition to his unequaled speed and range, his wonderful nose, his initiative, his endurance, his perfect handling, yes, and his class, and class, mind you, is what counts in a field trial, he seems to have a human brain. Today he runs as he never runs before, he seems to realize that his master has heen in disgrace and it's up to him to clear his name. He finds birds and points them where birds couldn't possibly be. The gallery, and I'll gamble even the judges, forgets there's another dog in the race, except when he makes a point and King backs him.

Alice Bowron is thrilled to her very finger tips, but she keeps looking off toward the horizon, looking for her man, her man who owns this great dog, but who is not there to see him run.

At last the time is nearly up. King is working way out half a mile or more when he's seen to disappear behind a bank and not come out again. Callihan yells, "Point!" and we all ride up. Then we see that it's a creek that King starts to cross. He's had to swim part of the way, but there he is nearly to the opposite bank, standing knee deep in the swift water, head up, flag straight out and one foot raised, solid as a rock. It sure is a wonderful point, that great red dog, his coat wet from his swim and shining in the sun, paying no more attention to the swirling icy water than he does to so much sage grass.

"Has he got 'em?" some one asks.

"Watch," says Patrick.

Then he rides across the creek, dismounts and flushes a single.

Crack! goes his gun, and then: "On, King!" he says.

Out of the water the dog comes, shaking himself dry and scattering a spray of rainbows; then away into his ground-eating stride he goes.

Soon after that the judges order the dogs up, and there on the field make the announcement of their decision: King of Mapledale, first; Gladstone's Ghost, second; and John Porter and McPhyre equal third. Out of the ordinary to place a dead dog? Yes, but he deserves it, and so does McPhyre, who maybe will never run again.

That night I'm sitting in the lobby of the hotel all alone, as the handlers have all left, when John Kincaid walks in. He's pale and haggard, all but a bright spot in each cheek, and there's a queer, far-away look in his eye.

He doesn't see me at first, but instinctively, you might say, glances at the big blackboard where the results of the race are posted.

"My God!" he says, then sees me. "What does this mean, Uncle Tom?" he asks.

"It means," I say, "that you missed seeing the greatest bird dog what ever lived run the greatest race ever run."

"But—but," he stammers, "I thought the Secretary had barred him."

Just then Alice Bowron comes in in time to hear John's remark. She has shed her riding togs. Now, don't get me wrong, young man. Alice Bowron's not hard to look at in riding togs, but now she's dressed in a black, shiny, silky looking thing with a big red thingamabob at her waist. The black sets off the snow of her throat and arms which are bare, and the gold glimmer of her hair in the lamp light.

She stands there a moment irresolute with her lips parted, then she moves ever so lightly toward him.

"John, John, dear," she almost whispers, and he turns and looks at her. "John, I have done very, very wrong, but I am so sorry. Won't you forgive me and take me back? I'll marry you tonight if you want me."

For a second he seems to hesitate, a world of hunger in his eyes. Then he opens his arms and she creeps into them, and, young man, I begin blowing my nose and look away.

What's that? Oh, who is the guilty party? Who could it be but that blankity blank cake eating Doc? You see he shows Alice a new foreign hypodermic outfit with two syringes he's just got several days before, and the day she leaves for the trials she sees it in the library at home and notices one of the syringes is gone. She thinks she recognizes the syringe John finds and goes home to get the outfit. When we get back we get the General and confront Percy with the two syringes, identical. Of course he denies everything at first, but the General's mighty stern, and finally he breaks down, blubbering like a baby and confesses. He uses a drug called

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curare, or something which paralyzes but don't kill in a small dose, but with the General's dog he gets too much. It seems he bets very heavy on the Llewellin, and so aside from hurting John he wants to be sure he'll win.

Well, the General tells him to get out and leave the state in twenty-four hours, or he'll prosecute him in spite of his love for his mother.

I say it's good riddance.

THE END

Caddo Lake

(Continued from page 23)

with his skiffs in picking up people who were still struggling in the water.

The hoarse, booming whistle that once brought the settlers "Down to the Landin'" to watch the boats come in is seldom heard across Caddo Lake. That was a great event in those days. Planters from back country would gather at the landing on the days the boats were due, would hang around and gossip and gossip, swapping yarns for hours, waiting for the sound of the whistle, that meant news from New Orleans.

Those days are gone; the railway has replaced the ox team and the prairie schooner that used to wind in from the plains of the west and most all the steamboats are gone.

It is, indeed, a far cry from the steamboat days to the oil-well period, and yet not such a long time either, and while many things have changed, the fishing is just the same.

The fight to save Caddo Lake has just started and the Izaak Walton League is taking the lead and doing everything in its power to eradicate the poacher, the dynamiter, the illegal netter and everything that will destroy the fish in this great inland body of water.

Ain't Nature Grand?

(Continued from page 15)

To make matters worse, he discovered that he has lost his net in some way and commenced to express himself forcibly on the subject. I was beginning to wonder how a "gentleman" fisherman could stand such hardships when Sam got settled down and started fishing again, but I was still puzzled at his methods. I missed the fine, delicate placing of the fly and the quiet approach, and was more than puzzled about the "flys" he was using as he had them all in the same can. From close observation I also noticed he was not using any tapered leader. In fact, I don't think he was using any leader at all as quite often he would pull and tug to get his line free from some obstruction hit when retrieving it.

I was beginning to get discouraged as I felt there were some things about trout fishing of which Sam had not told me. This hurt my feelings, but still I was learning a lot by watching him. Suddenly Sam got excited. I could see he had hooked something but I could not tell what it was, not being very familiar with trout. Sam was careless in this case, hauling his slack line in indifferently, evidently being sure of his fish, and then to my surprise he deliberately lifted the fish on the rod and slammed it out on the bank at his side. No "play your fish" as he had advised me. I had expected to see him get his fish above him and let it glide down into his dipped net at least. I was willing to overlook his hauling it up stream to him, but when he deliberately jerked that poor devil of a fish up in the air almost over his head and onto the bank I made up my mind there was something the matter with Sam. What puzzled me was just what hook and what fly would hold in a fish with this treatment. Sam was certainly not fishing like a gentleman this trip but perhaps he was excited and had just forgotten himself again. Perhaps he would show me some of the wonders of trout fishing yet if I had patience. Sam pulled out of this mud hole and went farther down again, I followed, still confident of seeing some of the fine art of trout fishing he had told me about but I felt more and more uncertain as I went along.

The foliage along stream was getting more dense than ever. In fact I had a hard time making my way through along the bank. My hat was hooked off my head a dozen times. My net continually tangled in the brush through which I plunged in my effort to keep near the stream which was completely hidden by overhanging trees.

I thought of Sam and wondered. I could not visualize him displaying his wonderful ability or being able to exercise his careful placing of the fly, his false casting to dry his flies, dropping his fly above or to the side of the fish and letting it drift down. All of this he had told me about. You had to do these things to fish trout properly, he said, and I was willing to see and learn, and was waiting to see. Another thing that puzzled me was that Sam had always told me he never fished "down," he always fished "up," for certain

edge. His line was down stream twenty yards. I thought he was sleeping. I was watching him, as I say, seriously, and thinking deeply, when suddenly it all dawned on me; I plunged across the stream to where Sam sat. "Sam I'm ashamed of you. Why didn't you tell me *all* about this science of trout fishing. All about the tomato can?"

"Why Doc," he answered, "there's lots more worse than what you've seen. Sometimes we actually have to use candles and turn night into day. You'll learn it all as you go along, and like it too."

Salmon Conservation

A rich new fishery is being built up on the west coast of Vancouver Island by the Canadian Department of Marine and Fisheries. For the past two years, sockeye salmon eggs have been planted in the Somas River and as a result, hordes of salmon are swimming up the river to spawn where a few years ago none were seen. So great is the run that men are being employed to net the fish and carry them above the falls which blocks their progress at one point. Canada is very much on her toes, so to speak, in the good work of conservation.

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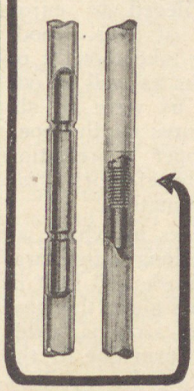

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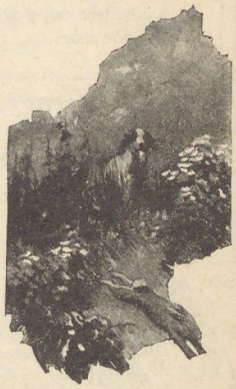

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Motor Camping

Etiquette

By Dusty Rhodes

NOW that the glorious autumn motor-camping season is here it may be well to give a little thought to what we owe our vacation hosts of last summer and how we may repay the rural workers for the valuable benefits that have been and may be derived from their cooperation.

You remember last summer when vacation motor travel was at its peak, when well filled cars were rolling over pleasant country roads, it was a good time for those privileged to enjoy lakes, streams, vistas of hills, woods and growing crops to take thought of some of our obligations as well as our pleasures. Many of us were so absorbed with the pleasures of the open at the time, that proper appreciation was not shown to our benefactors along the way or at our destination.

Many of the highways by which we reach and traverse the longed-for rural and lake regions are made and kept in condition by the farmers along the way. The farms with their streams, fields and growing produce form one of the chief attractions to draw the travellers from their city homes. How should vacationists repay the rural workers who not only produce the food for the cities, but also make much of the beauty of the country by which the motorist benefits?

There are things to do and things to avoid that will show appreciation for the services rendered. Farmers in the regions that attract summer vacationists have learned the value of increasing motor travel in recent years and have done their part to increase the natural advantages sought by travellers. Some motorists fulfill their share of the mutual obligations existing between vacationists and the farmer, but too many do not, and the rural workers are beginning to complain of these.

In one of the most beautiful regions of Wisconsin, where motor travel has grown rapidly of late, the farmers are talking of organized action in this matter. One of them had the following remarks to make to the writer:

"I shall no longer allow the free use of my woods to picnic parties or campers. In the future a sign will be posted at the entrance to the woods, stating the price of parking, and I shall collect the money. I must have some return for the trouble I must take to keep the trash removed from my property, and those who leave it there must expect to pay for the privilege. I'm tired of providing a free dump.

"Some of the parties go into my fields in search of berries, regardless of the damage done to standing crops or the fact that there were no fruits of any sort in the enclosure.

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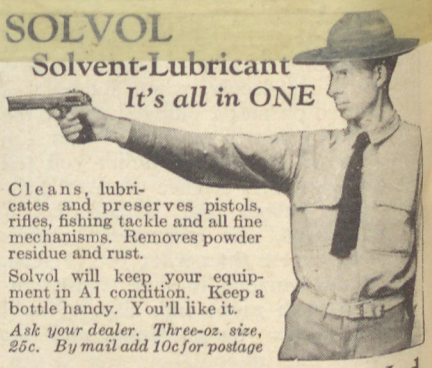

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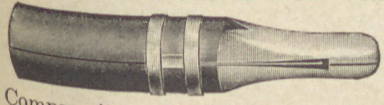

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fences causes us a lot of expense for repairs. Gates seem to mean nothing to the motorist. They can't see them if they are not more than a rod away. We have to be constantly on the lookout for forest fires from cigars and cigarettes and camp fires are left indiscriminately in the woods, with never a thought of consequences.

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Here are thoughts for a few of the motor tourists to take note of seriously, if the growing contacts between city and country dwellers are to continue pleasantly, with increasing advantages to both.

Primarily our summer vacation hosts (and they were pleasant hosts) were a democratic, accommodating and liberal class of good people, willing to extend every courtesy to a strange motorist or camper. Unfortunately they have been imposed upon by thoughtless vacationists, some of whom seem to take for granted the many pleasures and accommodations offered by our country folk. Some motorists seem to have the opinion that they are conferring a favor upon the farmer or resort keeper if they but show the slightest appreciation for kindnesses.

Some drivers seem to take on a queer complex when they are touring, by diminution of other people's rights and the exaggeration of their own. The road-hog, fence breaker and nature destroyer all come under the class of motor-camping vandals who lack the sense of appreciation and possess an over-dose of selfishness, egotism, recklessness and slovenly habits.

Fortunately there are only a few vandals but their actions speak so forcibly that the impression on the country folks is lasting and therefore the respectable appreciative tourists suffer the effect of the marauding vandal. Let us all endeavor to improve the thoughtless habits of others and encourage a better mutual feeling between our country hosts and ourselves, for it requires little thought and perception to realize that our motor camping pleasure must be based upon a reciprocal and cooperative foundation if we are to continue to enjoy this inexpensive and health-giving pleasure.

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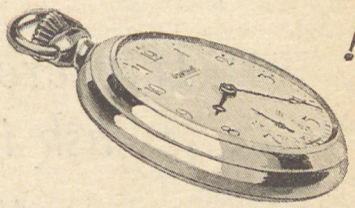

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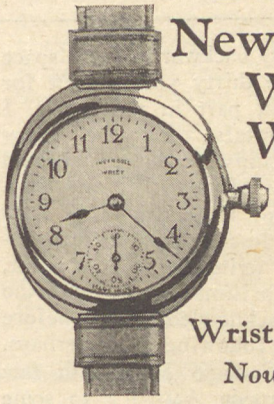

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Conducted by MURDO GIBSON

Scrambled Ideas on Camp Etiquette

LOOKING backward over a space of some thirty years, spent for the most part in the forest, I feel grateful for the many staunch friendships that have withstood the severe tests of camp life and time.

With most of these friends I keep up a more or less regular correspondence; one will write the other a letter, perhaps at Christmas time, and the recipient will acknowledge same before the end of the following year, perhaps.

A few months ago I mailed a few copies of OUTDOOR AMERICA to some of these former camp mates and intimated that they could help me by writing down their ideas on various subjects pertaining to camp life, and submitting them to me for possible use in this "Real Camping" department. I was working at the time on an article, unfinished as yet, which was to be entitled "Camp Etiquette" and I suggested that line of thought for the first letter.

The replies have the flavor of the cruising camp, where women are seldom seen and the philosophy, though sound, is expressed in language that the censor might object to. Their humor, not the censor's, has pungency plus but it is couched in terms that would be meaningless to anyone unfamiliar with the characters and incidents involved.

But half a loaf is better than no bread, so I am quoting from these sources without attempting to give proper credit, or blame to anyone. My responsibility ends with the expurgation, deletion and omission of words, phrases and paragraphs that I consider unusable in these columns.

The only excuse for a written code of camp etiquette, is the fact that the conduct of so many who "go camping" is very irritating to those in whose company they happen to be, and to those who happen to be in the same neighborhood at the same time or who follow them to the wilderness.

Bad manners in the outdoors life are not the exclusive property of one group. Oldtimers are guilty of doing the most irritating things in such a way as to make it appear that they do them purposely to make life miserable for the greenhorns, and the greenhorns display such monumental ignorance of the common usages of forest-camp life that the oldtimers' feelings are hurt at the least invasion of his particular neck of the woods.

All this trampling upon the rights, or assumed rights, of those who live in the woods and the consequent embarrassment and ill feeling is unfortunate. Men of experience and wisdom in such matters should deliver from their stores of knowledge such precepts as will enable those who follow the simple life as a profession and those who seek it for relaxation, to so conduct themselves as to spread joy amongst those who meet them in camp or follow the same trails later.

To simplify matters, let us divide the rules so that oldtimers and greenhorns will both get what they need. The oldtimer gets his first, as most anyone who has ever been to the end of the pasture where the hazel nuts grow is classed or classes himself as an oldtimer. The only greenhorns are those few who have never stepped off a pavement.

Rule No. 1: Do not assume that attitude of superiority in the presence of human society. It is well enough to try it on the skunks and porcupines, who will bashfully face the other way, but it hurts the greenhorns, the Indians and the other savages who have not had the opportunities for enlightenment that you enjoyed.

This first rule is like unto that other commandment that admonishes affection for your neighbor. This poor greenhorn is your neighbor and your neighbor by choice. He seeks your companionship because he has respect for your knowledge and believes there is something good in your way of living that he has missed in his, even though he does reside in the best residential district in the only real town in the country, or possibly on a farm the like of which you have never seen. You know he has bought those ridic-

Do you like to find this condition when you camp?

ulous duds and all that other junk at great expense, just to be able to make a good impression on you. Can you have the heart to behave uppishly with so sincere an admirer?

Rule No. 2 is a tough one. It touches a tender spot in most of those who have hunted and fished. It concerns the bearing of false witness regarding certain things, notably the size of certain fishes and game which you have taken, the distance you walked at one time, the height of the waves you met in that little canoe and the exact degree of marksmanship you displayed that other time when the tenderfoot was not there. Let us pass this subject without further comment.

It may seem that the writer is starting out with the intention of taking all the joy out of life for the oldtimer. Not so; the intention is to place the oldtimer in such light before the tenderfoot, as to remove that too common and supposedly instinctive desire of the tenderfoot to slay the oldtimer at the first opportunity to do it unnoticed.

Rule No. 3: Smoke better tobacco, even a good cigar, when it is urged upon you. The world knows you are tough enough without making it necessary for you and your associates to undergo partial asphyxiation more than once on the trip. Take your favorite brand along, if you must; display it proudly; light it and permit the bunch to get one good whiff of the stench it produces, but be content to stop before the vegetation is withered and all bird life is destroyed in the vicinity. Remember that some tenderfoot may come along with a brand of cigarettes that will put your pipe in perfume class.

With these three rules in mind, it is hardly possible that the oldtimer can fail to please the tenderest tenderfoot. There may be certain occasions on which a little assistance in the way of good manners would be acceptable, but you have lived through them before, and your magnificent physique and great resourcefulness will be equal to the strain again.

To the tenderfoot on his first trip into the woods my heart goes out in sympathy. I have been a tenderfoot so many years that I am getting to be an oldtimer at it; even more of an oldtimer as a tenderfoot, than as a professional oldtimer. I was the nonpareil of tenderfeet on my first trip, and I have improved at it with each succeeding trip. I know your woes, dear tenderfoot.

Remember that the heavy foot upsets the canoe; and the heavy hand is the first to blister; therefore step lightly, chop lightly, speak lightly, do everything lightly, except listening. You may listen with all your deep, passionate soul without disturbing the peacefully profound thoughts of the dignified oldtimers about you. When purchasing your outfit, listen to all the oldtimers who offer advice; listen hard and make notes on all the outstanding points, but buy lightly, except in the grocery line. Buy then as though your life depended upon it. It may.

When selecting maps, take them all. You will find everything in the woods that any of them show, with the possible exception of roads, trails and waterways, and you will find many things that are not shown on any of the maps.

Select with especial care, a reliable brand of denatured alcohol for the dinky stove. Some of your camping companions might wish to use it for other purposes so you will need a good supply. Some woodsmen won't drink wood alcohol if they can get anything else.

Buy the largest pack you can find. There will be plenty of stuff to fill it after your friends have decided what parts of the equipment they can conveniently carry.

Do not brag about your cooking. You will probably learn that you never knew what real cooking is. Do not criticise the food. You may find that it wears better than its looks and taste would lead you to believe, and there are other reasons.

Do not use profanity on a camping trip, especially in company with former lumberjacks. It is a needless display of your amateurish inefficiency.

There are other rules of conduct that might be helpful to the tenderfoot, but it is hardly advisable to add them to

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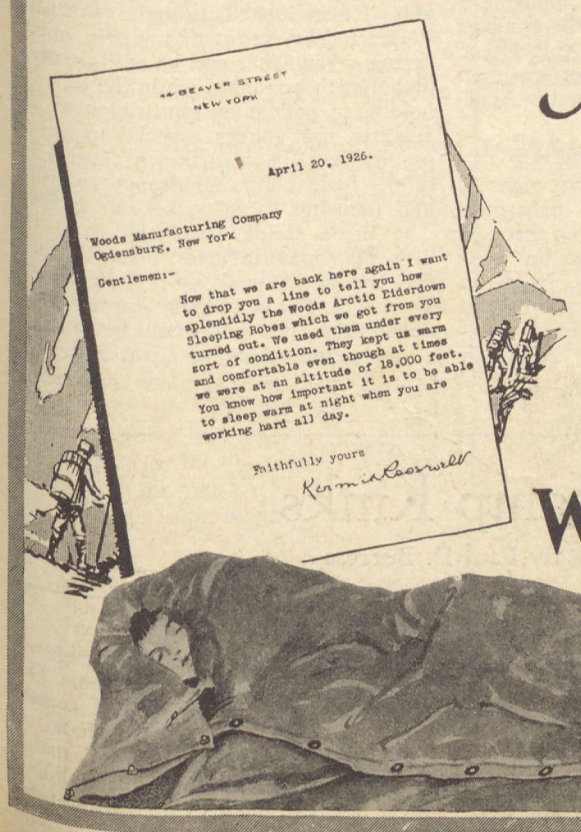
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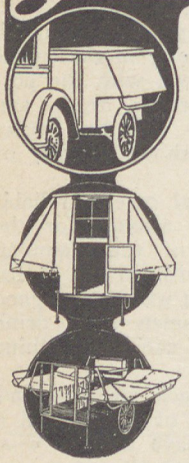

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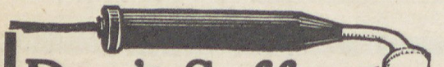

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No. 840—Olive Tan Duck Vest, 40 capacity, Price $4.00
Sent prepaid on receipt of price.

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those already outlined. By the time the average tenderfoot has memorized these and attempted to use each one at least once, he will have become an oldtimer and the rules will have become obsolete.

CURES FOR IVY POISONING

Discovery of a treatment that will prevent and cure ivy poisoning is being publicly announced. To a host of picnickers and campers this is easily the most important outdoor news of the season. Those who have not already done so should read the article entitled, "Iron-Treatment for Poison-Ivy," in the Literary Digest for July twenty-fourth. It gives an interesting and highly instructive account of the experiments which preceded the discovery, and tells something of the appearance and habits of the other varieties of poisonous plants that belong to the same family.

There are three remedies mentioned. The first two are preventative as well as curative. Dr. McNair, of the University of Chicago, *suggests* the use of a five per cent solution of Ferric Chlorid in a half and half mixture of alcohol and water.

Dr. Fuller, himself very susceptible to the poison, uses "a strong solution of Ferrous Sulfate"—any strength short of saturation will do—in plain water. This, he states, is cheaper to make and keeps better than the alcohol mixture.

Directions for use of either of these remedies are very simple; just bathe freely, the skin surfaces that have been or that may be exposed to the poison.

Dr. Couch, chemist of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, advocates painting the poisoned patches of skin with a solution of Potassium Permanganate. This is said to give immediate relief and prevent spread of the trouble. It turns the skin brown, but this effect can be instantly removed by washing with a weak solution of Oxalic Acid.

AN INDIAN CHIEF'S APPEAL

In a newspaper article last year I cautioned our local trout fishermen against smoking while traveling through timbered country. I told of the possibility that a spark might lodge in peaty soil or punky wood and hold fire until weather conditions became favorable to its spreading. Although writing from actual experience, I was mildly criticised by some fellow Waltonians for being an "Extremist"—a term I loathe. It is with considerable satisfaction, therefore, that I clipped the following from the Canadian Forest and Outdoors.

"An appeal to all Quebec Indians, particularly to the braves of the Algonquin tribe, was recently issued by one of their oldest chiefs, Louis Tenascon, on the north shore, for precaution against forest fires. A notice has been written in the Algonquin dialect and fastened to trees all through the territory over which the men of the tribe are liable to travel, calling upon them to put out all fires they notice or at once to notify the Forest Rangers, if they cannot themselves master the flames.

"A copy of the notice in the original, with a translation, has been forwarded by Louis Tenascon to the Department of Lands and Forests. The notice reads: 'My dear children and well-beloved. I beg of you this season, you who are always in the woods, if you see a fire, to put it out if possible, and if you cannot put it out yourself, notify at once the forest rangers. Do not smoke while traveling through the forest. You know yourself what else you should do.
(Signed) "'LOUIS TENASCON.'"

A NEW "SPORT GLASS"

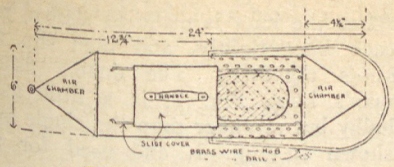
I have just been testing a new "Sport Glass" that has many qualities highly desirable for campers, nature students and sportsmen. It weighs only six and a half ounces but has nearly, if not quite, twice the field of the ordinary prism binocular. It gives excellent definition, even in poor light, and is the steadiest glass I ever looked through. Focusing is effected by means of a single, quick-acting screw, that can be easily manipulated with one hand while the other is holding a paddle or gun. One of the features that makes especial appeal to me is that the wearing of spectacles offers little or no hindrance to using and focusing these pocket-size glasses. The price seems reasonable, and the firm that manufactures them is noted for the high quality of its products. I wish I felt at liberty to tell more about them, but that would be contrary to magazine ethics, so I am told.

Kamp Kinks

By Paul D. Burress

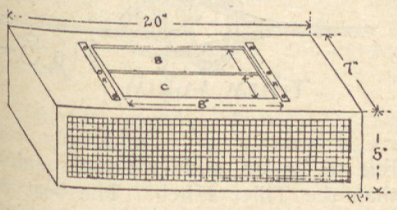
THE TORPEDO MINNOW PAIL

A very unique and handy minnow pail with instructions for making has been submitted by one of our enthusiastic readers, Mr. Wade Allison, of Gardner, Illinois. This pail floats horizontally on the water and draws very little water when drawn alongside of a boat or while wading a stream. The bail of the pail is slightly off center, so that when it is carried by hand or taken from the water, the pail maintains an upright position. The sliding cover always remains closed while towing the bucket through the water, as



TORPEDO MINNOW PAIL

any obstructions, such as weeds, etc., have a tendency to keep the sliding cover closed. The best material for this pail is galvanized iron sheeting and brass wire. The air chambers are made first and soldered well to the body after the body of the pail is completed. You may experience some difficulty in properly balancing the pail so that it will ride horizontally in the water, and you may have to counterbalance with a heavy application of solder on one end.



LIVE BAIT BOX

Mr. Gregg Lemmer, of Grand Rapids, Minnesota, has contributed a plan of making a live bait box for carrying frogs, hellgramites, crabs, etc., and we all realize the necessity of having such bait on hand when they are not biting the artificial. This box will allow you to choose your bait and remove it without the rest of the bait escaping. There are other things affording more pleasure than chasing a frog around in your boat. In the figure shown, B and C represent two strips of inner tube rubber which overlap, and are fastened to the box with metal strips and screws marked A. By inserting the hand between these rubber strips you may readily see that it would be impossible for any of the bait to get away while you were picking out the one you want. There is a copper screen side in the box which enables you to see the bait, and which provides sufficient ventilation. The box may be made out of wood, or your tinsmith would probably make one for you out of galvanized iron. Of course the dimensions shown in the figure are only suggested, for you can make it any size that is most convenient.

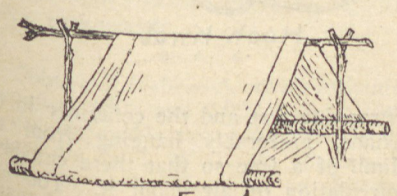


Fig. 1—Blanket Tent

The woods welcome

feet shod in these shoes - -

GREY dawn—the trees like lank ghosts —and a long swing on the trail ahead. Gun oiled, belt tight, it's great to be free in the woods in autumn. And you can be sure of your feet if they're shod in "U.S." Barker Hunting Shoes.

Designed first for the Maine wilderness, the Barker Shoe has become famous with hunters and woodsmen everywhere. It is built on a tested sportsman's last that is comfortable, snug-fitting, light, noiseless and waterproof. And it is especially designed to prevent chafing at the heel.

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Enclosed is $.....

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**Shoes will be sent with heel unless otherwise specified.*

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   Thirty of the author's best stories, including two prize stories.

3. **"Days Off in Dixie"**
   Doubleday Page and Company $3.00
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4. **"Old Plantation Days"**
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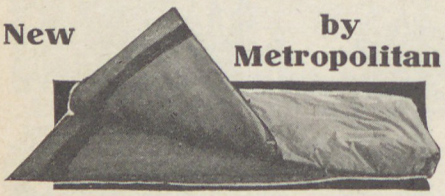

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See Page 74 for Classified Index of Advertisers

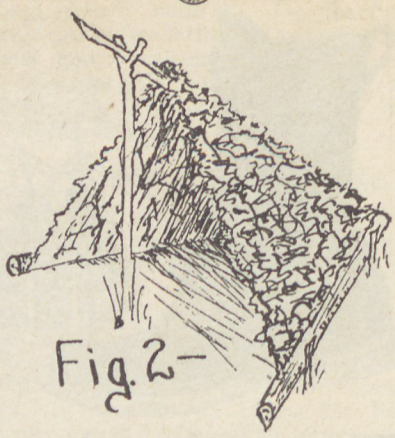
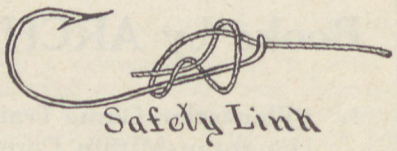


Fig. 2–

Brush Lean-to

PINCH HIT SHELTERS

If unforeseen circumstances should find you far from your permanent camp to which you could not return for the night, and you desired sleeping shelter, and you carried an axe and maybe a blanket, what would you do? The accompanying illustration, Fig. 1, is really self-explanatory in being named the blanket tent. This is a very practical and easily erected improvised shelter. If you are without the blanket, the roof may be constructed with a covering of branches from the ridge pole to the ground on each side. These branches act as a support for the leaf roof which is made of small leafy branches which are laid on the supporting limbs in shingle formation. Start at the bottom and build your shingle roof towards the top, as shown in Fig. 2, keeping the tips of the leafy branches pointing down. This shelter will keep out the wind and much dampness, and will withstand considerable rain.



Safety Link

KNOTS THAT YOU SHOULD KNOW HOW TO TIE

Most of us have had the disappointing experience of losing a bait and fish

Fig. 1–
Single Fisherman's Knot.

because we did not know how or were careless in tying a good knot to fasten our fly or bait on the line. Learn these knots and save trouble, fish and time. Fig. 1 shows the single fisherman's knot used for tying gut leaders. After the knot is made as shown, pull each knot tightly, and then slip the knots together. The double fisherman's knot, Fig. 2, is a little more bulky but stronger than the single knot shown in Fig. 1, and used for the

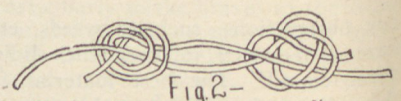


Fig. 2–
Double Fisherman's Knot

same purpose. The Tiller Hitch shown by Fig. 3 is a very good knot for fastening the line to the leader. The Jam Hitch is also used for fastening

Tiller Hitch Fig. 3–

line to leader, and is a little quicker than the Tiller Hitch. The best way to learn these knots and hitches is to practice with a leader and piece of line.

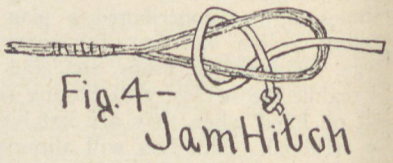


Fig. 4–
Jam Hitch

HANDY TOOL

One of the handiest tools that you can have in your fishing kit is a pair of five or six inch side cutting snipe nose pliers. They are ideal as a fish-hook disgorger.

COOL DRINKING WATER

If you are forced to carry a bottle or jug of drinking water with you on your fishing trips, the following suggestion is a very valuable kink which will enable you to enjoy cooler drinking water. Fold a burlap sack or any loosely woven material and wrap it about your water container. Keep this

Hook Knot

wrapping wet and the container in the shade, preferably hanging from the limb of a tree so that there can be a circulation of air about it. You will find that the evaporation of the water from the wrapping will keep the temperature of the drinking water several degrees cooler than the air temperature.

Waltonian Activities

(*Continued from page 29*)

retary and treasurer, reports in order to give the game fish in Chautauqua Lake a chance to propagate they secured a permit from the state, to seine out the carp until September 30th, 1926. On July 1st, the permit was revoked, the state giving as a reason that enough carp had been taken out of it. This of course, was quite a disappointment to the Jamestown chapter. They estimate that Chautauqua Lake which is about 22 miles long, contains about 50,000 tons of carp and 20 tons had been removed when the permit was revoked. Close inspection of the stomachs of the carp revealed spawn of all kinds of fish in the lake. We do not know why the permit was revoked but it must have been for some technical reason inasmuch as the character of the work of removing the carp is entirely in accordance with proper conservation measures.

* * *

Fremont, Nebr.—Through the tireless efforts of C. C. Courtright, Nebraska State Director, Arthur Baldwin, president of the Fremont chapter and state game warden Frank O'Connell, the city of Fremont will now have a beautiful state park with very modern improvements and conveniences. This is a great accomplishment and when the boys work out the plans for improvement of the eight lakes on this property, Fremont will have an everlasting memorial to the League and their efforts.

* * *

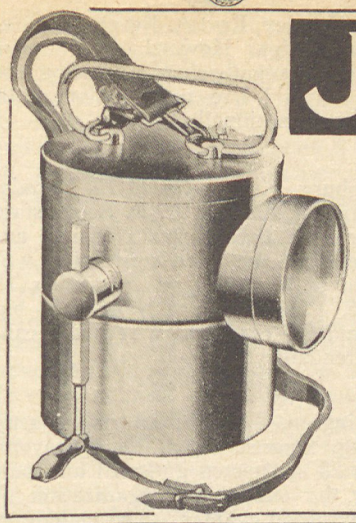
Williamsport, Penna. — Walter E. Wolfe, secretary of Williamsport chapter of the League, in an address before the Williamsport Rotarians, presented a plea for the co-operation of various organizations in getting a better pollution law for the state. Mr. Wolfe cited a typical incident of the Loyalsock creek, when the purchasers of the Hillsgrove tannery turned the contents of the vats into the streams, which was stopped the following day, when the delegation backed by seven hundred men secured an injunction against the tannery. Good work, Mr. Wolfe.

* * *

Rushville, Ind.—Charles H. Brown, assistant postmaster and secretary of the newly organized Rushville chapter 122, advises that they will have their charter meeting about the middle of September, at which time State Senator Bradford of South Bend will be the principal speaker. Mr. Brown advises that they are going after the farmer membership and that all of the boys are very enthusiastic.

* * *

Columbus, Nebr.—A crowd estimated between 2,500 and 3,000 people, spent a very enjoyable day at the picnic sponsored by the I. W. L. A. chapters of Schuyler and Columbus on Sunday, August 1st, on the shores of Lake McAllister, south of Richland. Judge



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Gives much better protection than cloth cap, will not catch or brush off in thick bushes; is waterproof and will last a lifetime.

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W. N. Hensley, Rev. A. Bergt and Congressman Edgar Howard of Columbus addressed the gathering, advancing the cause of wild life preservation, both locally and nationally.

* * *

Pittsburg, Kans.—*On to El Dorado,* Bulletin No. 3, from A. L. Scott, state president of the Kansas Division, announces that the state convention will be held at Eldorado on November 15 and 16. The boys are planning a big time and are expecting a record breaking attendance.

* * *

Lexington, Ky.—In an enthusiastic meeting, August 18, at the Lafayette Hotel, 25 sportsmen gathered and perfected the temporary organization of the Lexington chapter. The temporary officers are, Bert Johns, president, F. B. Wachs, secretary, vice presidents—H. O. Skinner, C. A. Geary, J. J. Hutchison, W. L. Roberts and Eli Osborn. Doctor W. O. Bullock was elected temporary treasurer. The meeting was called to order by Lewis Hodge, National Organizer, and Doctor Bullock delivered a very interesting talk on Kentucky's need of the I. W. L. A.

* * *

Waukegan, Illinois.—A local canning company has been convicted, paid their fine on the grounds of maintaining a public nuisance for polluting "Pea Creek" which connects with Third Lake and Grays Lake. Len Hull, President of the Waukegan Chapter, and Deputy Game Warden Henry Kern were instrumental in having this pollution stopped.

* * *

Fenton, Mich.—Here is a very practical suggestion to our chapters for securing funds. The Fenton chapter, with a membership of 80, which has already planted 5,000 trees and stocked three streams and nine lakes in Shiawassee County, have a unique way of raising money for a club house. They have planted eight acres of potatoes and the sale of the crop this fall is expected to provide sufficient funds to pay the initial payments for the new home.

* * *

Clarion, Penna.—The Clarion chapter is constructing a lasting and useful memorial to themselves and to the League by the improvements on a large natural spring to be known as the Izaak Walton Spring at Clarion River bridge. This work is being done under the direction of Dr. J. M. Logue assisted by C. L. Siebert, District Engineer, Pennsylvania Department of Health.

* * *

Prescott, Wisc.—E. R. Miller, secretary of the Prescott chapter, has been very active in the prosecution of persons obtaining fish illegally in Lake Pefin, Lake Saint Croix and Mississippi River, and reports of the conviction of C. R. (Cap) Tyler, Bay City commercial fisherman, who was found guilty and fined for having game fish in his possession, out of season.

A fishway would prevent this.

Dam Destroys Fish

By M. L. Jandorf
Secretary York Chapter

York, Penna.—The wanton destruction of fish caused by the dam of the Pennsylvania Light and Power Company since it has been in existence is being fought by York chapter.

The accompanying photograph shows the appearance of the stream bed below the dam after the splash boards have been put in place resulting in the trapping of all species of fish in pools and between the rocks as depicted.

The dead fish were principally bass and salmon (wall-eyed pike), there being many catfish, carp, shad and species of mullets and suckers, and some eels. The rock bottom covered many acres.

This dam has been directly responsible for stopping migration of the species of fish on which the game species, black bass and wall-eyed pike fed, i. e., the small eel and shad which were, prior to the erection of the dam, the natural food species of these game fish. Since the miserable excuse known as McCall's Ferry dam fishway was erected which allows practically no fish whatever to get up, fishing in the Susquehanna and its tributaries is almost a thing of the past.

Hundreds of such pictures, in fact thousands, showing far more wanton destruction of fish in far greater abundance could have been taken within the past ten years. Millions of edible species of fish, a natural inexpensive food supply for humanity, have been wantonly destroyed and they could have

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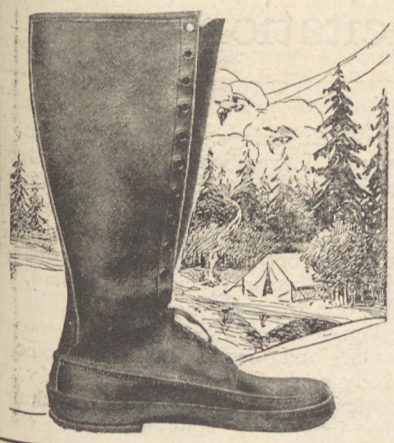

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Double thickness seat and knees. Water and wearproof.

FREE CATALOG: Shows styles for all sports. Contains samples of special Duxbak cloth, firm, closely woven, pliable and water-proofed. Write today.

UTICA DUXBAK CORP., 30 Noyes St., Utica, N. Y.

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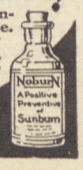
Outing Clothing

Be Sunburn-Proof!

NOBURN absolutely *prevents* Sunburn. Harmless. $1 per bottle. Money refunded if not fully satisfied. Strong, Cobb & Co., 320 Central Av., Cleveland, O



NoburN

at least the greater part of them, been saved and caught for the purpose the Almighty placed them in the streams had it not been for the careless, unthinking, unwilling effort of the dam builders to put in an adequate fishway. In fact, the natural construction of the streams above and below the dam was such that a very satisfactory fishway could have been constructed at a minimum cost.

The League and other organizations have urged the State Department of Fisheries to send men to the dam and make suitable arrangements to dip up the fish trapped continually and put them in the water above the dam. This naturally would involve considerable expense but inasmuch as the fishermen are required to pay a license it would have been the only proper thing to do. The other alternative would have been to allow fishing at any and all times for any kind of fish caught, either by rod and line or nets from the base of the dam to a point about a mile below this, allowing the use of the fish for which purpose they were intended.

The writer has seen shad trapped by the thousands, weighing up to approximately twelve pounds, as well as thousands of catfish, eels, bass, salmon, sunfish, and in fact every species that inhabits the waters of the Susquehanna and its tributaries.

While pollution is extremely obnoxious to any and all streams, it is absolutely not the cause of the elimination of migratory and game species in the Susquehanna and its tributaries. The game fish fed upon the migratory species and waxed fat and propagated large families (any fisherman of fifteen years ago recalls the abundance of bass and eels and salmon); now since the stoppings of the migration of shad and eels the game species feed upon the suckers, small carp and in fact, whatever they can find and the present shortage of bass and salmon is due to lack of food in waters above the dam in places far above the dam where bass were plentiful; today it is the survival of the fittest and one can fish all day getting a few fliers lucky to have survived the hunger of their parents or of some voracious wall-eyed pike (they can eat) or else a few very nice sized bass or many times, none at all.

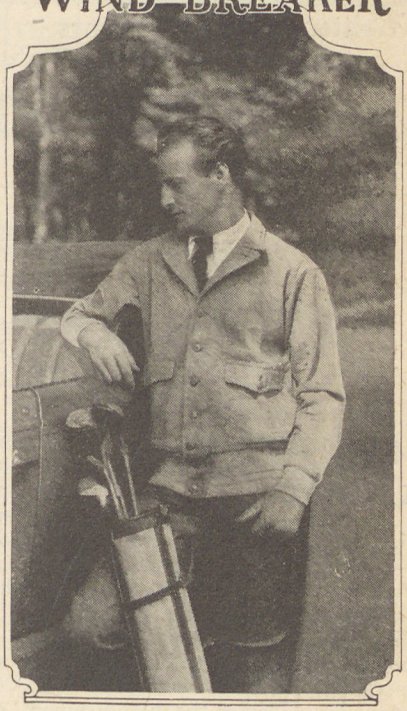
When a lover of angling fishes the same place for fifteen consecutive years, the water being no more polluted today than fifteen years ago, and finds it hard to catch three bass about 10″ long (sometimes less than three), there is some serious cause for this.

The only species of which there appears to be a super-abundance in the Susquehanna and tributaries is the carp—which to fishing and streams reminds us of "No-Man's Land," during the late World War a place wherein nothing worthwhile lived.

With the building of the Conewingo Power Company dam which it is understood will be the greatest of its kind, unless they are compelled to put in a very suitable and adequate fishway,

(Continued on page 60)

Town & Country LEATHER WIND-BREAKER



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The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

by O. W. Smith

Angling Memories and Felicitations

SO another trout season is over and bass fishing about ended, the time for retrospection is at hand. After all, of the three—anticipation, realization and retrospection—retrospection is the most enjoyable. Anticipation somehow deals badly with possibilities, realization magnifies the disagreeable, but retrospection smooths out all difficulties with her flatiron of memory. What a wonderful thing is memory! Under the blandishment of her touch even the most disagreeable experience becomes pleasant. Think back. Is it not the hard, disagreeable experience that you coddle most affectionately? I'll wager my hope for a big one next season that it is.

I remember last summer, following up a North Wisconsin trout stream, casting a speculative fly right and left as I unraveled the sinuosities of the river. The day was perfect. Sky blue as it only is along the shores of Lake Superior, though now and then a snow-white cloud, washed clean by the storm of the day before, floated lazily across the arch, casting a welcome shadow here and there, just for my benefit. When a shadow hung for a moment over the surface of a clear pool, making a "fuzzy wuzzie," I sent out the "bonnie red hackle," for which I knew a trout was waiting. A vagrant breeze caught the light feathers and flung them into the low-hung branches of an alder. I was hung up of course. Exasperated, I gave the line a sharp twitch, thinking to snap the flies loose, as one sometimes can. When too late I noticed that a full-grown hornet's nest was pendant from the branch! Out they came by dozens, buzzing in anger, darting in all directions. I dropped my rod and fled incontinently. I did not escape without paying. One ear began to swell unbelievably, while my right eye went shut! When the angry insects quieted down I went back, severed my leader and left the flies to adorn the branch. If other anglers found them did they understand? Today the memory brings a smile, for forgotten is the pain and anger.

That incident had its aftermath. Later on the same day, upon opening a fish, I found its stomach well filled with the black striped yellow remains of hornets. (How the fish can swallow the red hot things is beyond my imagining.) Well, that set me to thinking. In my flybook there reposed a half dozen Western Bees or McGinties, flies for which I generally have little use. But if trout feed upon natural insects, why not the artificial? So I asked myself, and answered by fastening one to the end of my leader. Now, believe it or not, the fish were crazy for the counterfeit presentment and eight came to my creel in short order. I stopped at eight, for that was enough.

Never before in North Wisconsin, where I spend my vacations, have I realized the necessity for small catches as this year. If my findings are correct, the trout streams are surely being exhausted. Naturally so, because the automobile makes even distant streams easy of access. There are men, too, who think every expedition a failure unless they take the limit every day, fish all the time. Perhaps I am getting old, but I am perfectly content to take just what fish I can use, then laze away the remainder of the day, invoking my soul. I was criticized, kindly, but criticized, for what I said in the August OUTDOOR AMERICA upon the questionableness of taking and releasing fish. My observation this past summer only serves to increase my prejudice. I have found many dead trout in the streams, examination disclosing hook wounds around the mouth. Whether they died from the hook wounds or handling is immaterial — they were killed. I doubt if many trout survive the touch of a hand, whatever may be true of bass and 'lunge. Some may say, "Use a barbless hook," and there is something in that; but more and more I am coming to use large hooks, allowing every fish to escape that can, retaining only badly wounded ones, or enough to supply camp needs, quitting when I have enough. At that, if every trout fisherman takes as heavy toll as I, it is going hard with our streams, but I know they don't.

Which brings another incident to mind. I was wading up one stream early in August and finding an angler sitting on the bank at the head of a pool, I clambered up the bank to go around; but he urged me to fish up through, assuring me that he had, like the one of old, "Toiled all night and taken nothing." So I slid back into the water and began carefully selecting likely spots for my feathers. My new acquaintance registered astonishment, then impatience, admonishing me that a big fish was rising well above him. I kept on, for I knew the pool, where the fish lay. Then came the unexpected rise and it was a glorious rainbow of a pound or so. Not a large fish, no, but a supremely active one. What a wonderful battle he put up on my 3 oz. rod! Four times he went into the air in dazzling silvery leaps. Then, just as I attempted to slip the landing-net beneath him, he gave a convulsive flop and was free. For a few seconds he lay there at my feet in the shallow water and I think I might have netted him, but why should I, he had given me a splendid battle and I was content. I think that chance acquaintance still regards me with a bit of wonder, not unmixed with pity, such as we all feel for crazy people. Why a man in his senses should let a fish go, was, and probably still is, beyond his understanding.

No, I am not getting my joy out of the fish I take, these days, rather out of the ones that get away. I went out with another sort of man one day, also early in August, and when I came upon him joyously bent over an ox-eyed daisy, my heart went out to him. To my question as to the whereabouts of his fishing paraphernalia, he gave me to understand that he had "left it down stream somewhere," grinning sheepishly the while, as though it were something to be ashamed of. He didn't need to apologize for I knew just how he felt, realized that he had followed some strange butterfly, with wings of checkered gingham spun out of rainbows, and become lost in a wilderness of ox-eyed daisies. Brother angler, if you

have never had that experience, you have never really been fishing.

A friend came to fish with me the last of July and as we set out, gave me to understand that I was to meet my Waterloo, meaning that he was going to take more fish than I. I said nothing, of course, for there was nothing to say. Had I told him that I did not care to enter such a race he would have laughed me to scorn. So at night, when he counted out more fish than my creel contained, great was his jubilation. I presume he is still boasting to his friends how he "scooped" me. (He is the sort of a man that would use the word "scoop.") What use for me to say that I could have doubled my catch without half trying, for he would not have believed it. I have for my comfort the knowledge that I could have done so. What was that Jim? "What will he think when he sees this?" He won't, for he's not the sort of a man who reads OUTDOOR AMERICA.

As I look back over the season just closed, I count that day most successful when we discovered the beaver dam and took the pictures, e'en though I just barely took fish and that was all. But the country was new to me, the surroundings impossibly wild and suggestive of what our forefathers knew; what we Waltonites are fighting to preserve for our children. After all, it is not what goes into one's creel that makes a day successful, but what goes into his soul and mind. All about me that day were "beaver workings," trees lying criss-cross, and great branches in the lake. (By the way, how does a beaver make a branch of poplar stay on the bottom? Release it and *you* can't stick it back there again.) And the flowers, bold and assertive, like August herself. So enamoured was I of my surroundings that I just forgot to fish, and then attributed my empty creel to "poor fishing."

Whoever it was said: "It is not all of fishing to fish," voiced a great truth, a truth I am coming more and more to realize as the days, weeks, months and years slip by. I sometimes doubt if I am an angler at all, though of "rods and reels and traces," I possess more than one man should own, and my angling library covers a full wall of my den. Fact of the matter is, I am a Henry David Thoreau, without the courage to do the thing he did. Izaak Walton is today more my mentor than ever. I have had a wonderfully good time this year "just fishing," though my fishing has been but an excuse for getting close to Mother Earth's health-giving breast. No great rainbow or brown fell to my flies in spite of the fact that I fished pools over and over again, from which I have taken leviathan more than once. Does it mean "my" stream is fished out? Perhaps, but I doubt it. There is, as Will Shakespeare affirms, "A tide in the affairs of men," and Luck plays an important part in the angler's scheme of things. Perhaps next year I will take another monster, but the fact is, this past season I have hardly fished. I have

The WICKED WIGGLER

HERE'S the New Name, "The Wicked Wiggler," suggested by Mr. Harry Forbes, Terre Haute, Ind., that wins the

$100 Cash Prize

In the Creek Chub Bait Wiggling Spoon Contest

Price, $1.00

Length of body 2¾ in. Weight ¾ oz.
No. S-1 with feathered treble
No. S-2 with hook for pork rind

And What He Says:—

"While fishing in North Gravel Pit, a very fine body of water near Terre Haute this afternoon, I took eleven large mouth Black Bass, all nice ones, on one of these wiggling spoons. I have taken many Bass and other game fish on Creek Chub Baits in the past, but never have I seen Bass go crazy over any bait like they did this wiggling spoon!

I would christen this bait, "The Wicked Wiggler"—for that is just exactly what it is! It has a wicked wiggle while going through the water and the Bass surely hit it with a wicked wallop!

It has a very lively minnow-like action and the Bass and other game fish simply cannot leave it alone!

Wishing you much success with this wonderful bait and hoping that I may soon repeat my performance of this afternoon, I beg to remain, Sincerely yours,
Harry Forbes."

Send for our colored catalogue showing the latest nature lures for casting, trolling and flyrod.

GET A **WICKED WIGGLER** *at your* **DEALER'S** *or* **DIRECT**

Creek Chub Bait Co.

320 So. Randolph St., Garrett, Ind.

Big Game

THE sportsman who comes to Canada to hunt seldom returns without a trophy of the chase. If your nerves are steady and your aim good a giant moose or magnificent buck should reward your skill.

In the wild forest areas of Eastern Canada there are great opportunities for deer and moose. Good caribou hunting is also possible in certain localities.

Write to A. O. Seymour, General Tourist Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway, 730 Windsor Station, Montreal. He will give you full information and every possible assistance in developing your plans.

Canadian Pacific

24½ lbs. Another Wisconsin Musky taken in a Heddon experimental and testing expedition of "KING" baits.

The Heddon-Stanley

"KING"

¾ ounce.

Note that "Head-an'-Neck!"

3 inch blade.

METAL bodied — the only bait producing the FULL glittering flash and intense luring power of the accepted "spoon" baits *without their disastrous line twisting, fouling or poor casting.*

Action is its first, last and middle name, yet it can't turn over at any reeling speed. Casts far and straight even against wind. Runs deep or high. Semi-weedless. Gets 'em and hangs on!

Want to let you know about that "King" bait. That bait is uncanny. Caught any number of small mouth bass—about every third cast—and my son with other baits couldn't get a strike. It's a wonderful fish getter—the best I ever used. Emanuel Soloman, Chicago

Triple-luring when used as illustrated and more so when fluttering pork strip is added. And Yea, boy, how it does kick that strip!

IMPORTANT. Fully protected against imitation by patents and patents pending.

Nickel or copper body and flashers; red or red-and-white fly. With wire leader attached---------- $1.00

At your dealers' or direct.

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS, DOWAGIAC, MICH.

"The Box with the Red Edge" — seen and recognized in more tackle stores and angler's kits than any other feature in the fishing world.

IN 15 years of Field & Stream's National Contests more prize Bass have been taken on Heddon baits than on all similar lures combined.

15TH YEAR

Heddon Fishing Tackle

Genuine Dowagiac

been dreaming, and I needed the opportunity to dream more than I needed big fish. If that be an angling heresy, make the most of it.

I am thinking of a day late in July when I perched on a log by the side of the Sioux River and ate my frugal lunch of plain bread and butter sandwiches, washing them down with water from the stream hard by. No, I did not even bother to boil it in a kettle, as is my usual habit. Not because I could not take the necessary time from my fishing, but because I was too lazy, that's all. How badly I needed this summer's vacation, how frayed to a frazzle I was, that goes to show. So I conclude these notes this month by saying over again, "It is not all of fishing to fish." If you don't know it, you can't pack your tackle in my tackle-case.

Waltonian Activities

(Continued from page 57)

fishing in the Susquehanna River will be at an end and the mud carp will reign supreme.

As is well known, small mouthed black bass are difficult to raise, wall-eyed pike difficult to raise and transport owing to their voraciousness, the hatcheries of Pennsylvania cannot raise game species as fast as the public can consume or the fishermen catch them, not to say how many are eaten by their own. To plant wall-eyed pike in the fry stage as is required merely furnishes a luscious meal for the sunfish and other fish that relish them, yet it appears that is the only way they can be planted (the writer has planted millions of them yet very few fishermen catch any).

When the Conewingo dam is completed the body of water back of it to the base of the McCall's Ferry dam will be the finest body of water for game fish in the United States as the writer and thousands of other fishermen from all over the United States know the stream bed of the Susquehanna between these two dams. Furthermore, the McCall's Ferry dam will if allowed to flow down the river have little flow below the dam, at least will never harm the stream bed and natural formations of the river hills on either side below the river sufficient to collect for any great distance back of the Conewingo dam.

It is to be hoped that the Government and State Hatcheries will be wise enough to see the possibilities of this great lake which is to be formed and make every effort to plant game fish and food fish therein so as to make it the greatest fishing grounds in the United States.

Needless to say what the river bed is like to anyone who ever spent a day or week in the section of Benton Station to Line Bridge on the Lancaster County side or Peach Bottom on the York County side.

Concerted efforts on the part of State and Federal Government must be made to have more hatcheries and produce artificially a greater abundance of game fish if they want to make America a playground for the fisherman or to fulfill part of the principles for which the Izaak Walton League of America stands.

* * *

Colton, Calif.—Some of the Southern California chapters, sponsored by George H. Isaac and Norman H. Cooley, president of the Colton Chapter, are launching an educational campaign in which the study of trout will be featured. The purpose of the campaign, is to acquaint sportsmen with scientific information which will lead members to suggest and sponsor a legislation that will benefit, increase and conserve the present supply, as well as restocking the trout streams in that part of the state.

* * *

Camden, N. J.—The "Camden, N. J. Courier" is giving fine co-operation to the local chapter there and assisting them in every way possible.

* * *

Kimball, Nebr.—The officers of Kimball Chapter have been active in the formation of the Junior I. W. L. A., and brought up a splendid set of by-laws for the local younger organization which parallel those of the League. The boys are to have their own president, vice president, secretary and treasurer, and will conduct their own meetings, with at least one senior member of the League present. The local chapter dues shall be 25c with an initiation fee of 25c per annum. The officers of this chapter have worked hard in perfecting their plan. Frank J. Brady, President of the Nebraska Division, is very enthusiastic about this Junior League.

* * *

Utica, N. Y.—Ward B. Edwards, President of the Utica, New York, Chapter, announces plans for the calling of a meeting at Utica, shortly after October 1st of all the members of chapters in New York State, for the purpose of forming a State Division, and establishing headquarters, and election of State officers. At the present time there are 35 Chapters in the State of New York, and as a result of active organization work at various points in the State, such as Utica, Rochester, Buffalo and other towns, membership increase of 1669 has brought about during the past six months.

* * *

Joplin, Mo.—Eight thousand blotters and cards outlining the hundred dollar reward plan for anyone dynamiting streams were recently distributed to school children and women's clubs.

* * *

Rock Springs, Wyo.—A splendid outdoor meeting was recently held by the members of the Rock Springs, Wyoming, Chapter.

* * *

Red Wing, Minn.—Approximately 250 Waltonians attended the second annual meeting of Red Wing Chapter held at the training school, and enjoyed a splendid program.

Save the Partridge

By F. W. Luening
of the Milwaukee Journal

THE most important of northern game birds, the partridge, faces extinction.

Men in Wisconsin and Michigan, who should know, say another shooting season will send the birds to oblivion. One more onslaught by hunters will wipe out the shattered coveys that still remain in thickets and woodlands.

Elmer Hall, conservation commissioner, recognizing the danger, has issued a statewide appeal to hunters to voluntarily stop shooting.

The commissioner has no power to close the season. That rests with the legislature. The legislature will not meet until after the next regular hunting season is over. That season, for partridge, begins on the first Saturday in October and lasts four days.

Last year an army of hunters swarmed the marshes, fields and woodlands. Not many got partridge; what they got were the last few "seed" birds—the parent hens and cocks that might have restored the vanishing coveys. To shoot again means the end of the partridge in Wisconsin and Michigan, according to many careful observers.

Replying to a telegraphic inquiry: "What is the partridge situation?" Angus McDonald of Three Lakes wired as follows:

"It is high time that the citizens of Wisconsin realized how reduced in numbers our partridge are. If shooting is indulged in to any extent this fall the partridge will be in the passenger pigeon class. There will not even be seed left to start anew.

"Abandoned logging roads, where formerly hundreds of these beautiful game birds could be seen in a few hours, can now be searched diligently without yielding a partridge. It is common to hear the residents of northern Wisconsin, where the partridge formerly was so abundant, make the statement that only three or four birds had been seen all summer.

"The Vilas county chapter of the Izaak Walton League, realizing the danger, has had thousands of lapel buttons printed for distribution, carrying the picture of a partridge surmounted by the wording 'Save the Partridge.' The Oneida county Game and Fish Protective association has taken like action. This shows the matter is of vital importance."

Do what you can to give the partridge a sporting chance before it is too late

— and other noted sportsmen the world over pay tribute to the superiority of the 'Rod and Reel'

"Any veteran of the field and marsh will instinctively seek out the best in sporting equipment. The Converse 'Rod and Reel' Sporting Boot, for lightness, comfort and durability, is the peer of any on the market today." [Signed] FRANK J. PARSONS

'Rod and Reel' Sporting Boot

The "OZARK RIPLEY" Model

You will never know a completely satisfactory sporting boot until you have put on 'Rod and Reel'.

There's all the weight needed for long wear—but not an extra ounce to cause fatigue. Built over our special 'footshape' last in full, medium and slim widths for perfect fit and more comfort. Extension sole to prevent snagging of uppers; ribbed vamp to prevent sagging at ankles; Korxole insole; 'lap seam' top construction and other features of the Converse 'Rod and Reel' make it the choice of all discriminating sportsmen.

You can easily identify the genuine 'Rod and Reel'—look for the Big 'C' trademark on the sole.

See the BIG 'C' CONVERSE LINE *Rubber Footwear*

CONVERSE RUBBER SHOE CO. Factory & Gen. Off. Malden, Mass. CHICAGO 618 W. Jackson Blvd. NEW YORK 142 Duane St. PHILADELPHIA 25 N. Fourth St.

BEAN'S Waterproof Dressing

Made especially for use on my Maine Hunting Shoe. None better for moccasins, work shoes, gloves, mittens, harnesses. ¼ pint, 25c. Full pint can 75c. Write for NEW FALL CATALOG.

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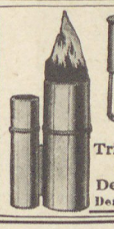

NEW METHOD Self Starting POCKET LIGHTER

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No wind can blow it out. Beats carrying matches. Just the thing for sportsmen. Fully guaranteed. **50c**

Triple Gold or Silver Plated **$1.00**

NEW METHOD MFG. CO.
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Dealers—Ask your jobber for this ready seller

Thousands Killed and Injured each year while Hunting and Fishing!

Sportsmen's Insurance Policy

SOMETHING NEW BUT RELIABLE AND DEPENDABLE! Just what every sportsman has needed for years, providing Personal Accident Insurance against injuries while hunting or fishing in the United States, Canada or Europe, including travel hazard going to or returning from a hunting or fishing trip.

$1000 Death Benefit with Specific Dismemberment Schedule
$10.00 Weekly Indemnity for Three Months

YOU NEED THE PROTECTION! *COST $1.00* *DO IT NOW!*

Sportsmen's Organizations

Just the thing to use as a service gift to stimulate membership. It's a wonderful producer of new members and it holds the old ones. Add $1.00 to your dues or free distribution.

Write for information.

ALLEN REGISTRY BUREAU
Telegraph Bldg., Harrisburg, Pa.
Enclosed find $1.00. Please send Sportsmen's Policy.

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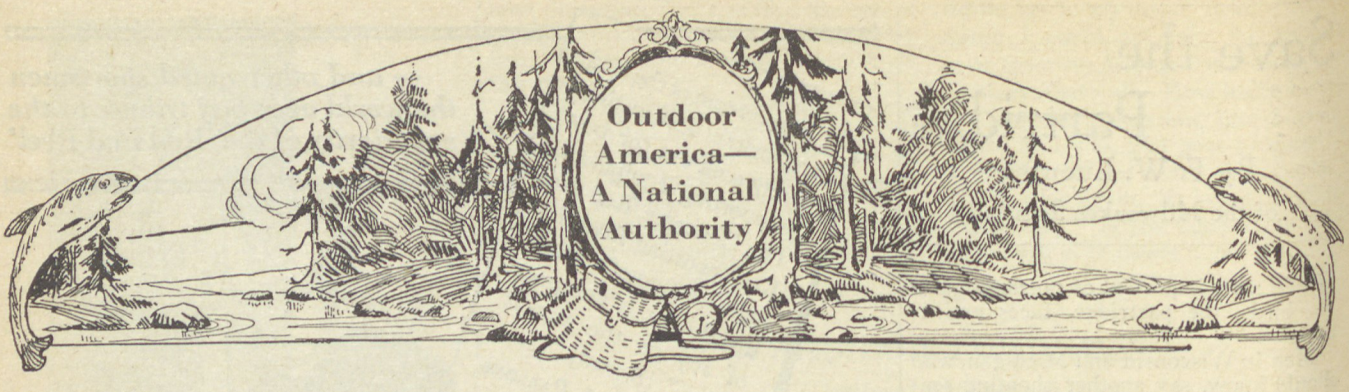
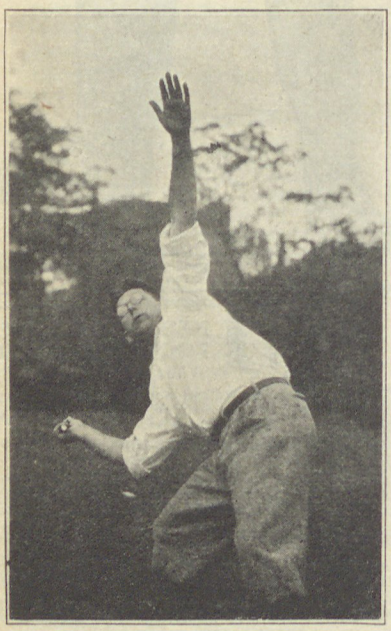


Scientific Angling

Lack of time prevents our printing a complete story of the National Tournament N. A. S. A. C. in Chicago. We print herewith a list of the prize winners. Complete details will appear in the November issue of Outdoor America

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE



Walter Newcomb in action.

In the next issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA will appear the scores in detail. However, we list below those winning the prizes with their scores, and records of each event up to the Tournament.

Event No. 1—¼ oz. Distance Bait. Record—216 feet, Wm. Stanley

Caster	Club	Average	Longest
Arbogast	Akron	240.6	254
Newcomb	Buffalo	233.8	258
G Chatt	Illinois	213.6	240
H. Chatt	Illinois	201	212
Foss	Cleveland	195.2	219
Braddon	Cleveland	189.8	195
Trimble	Cleveland	189.2	212
Bornholt	Illinois	182.2	198
Morrison	Detroit	178.4	227
Sutter	Chicago	176.4	189
Buckwalter	Cleveland	176.4	186
Mitchell	Indianapolis	176.2	194
Peters	Buffalo	172.2	220

Event No. 2—½ oz. Distance Bait. Record—268 feet, Arbogast

Caster	Club	Average	Longest
Newcomb	Buffalo	293.2	302
G. Chatt	Illinois	274.6	286
Willman	Illinois	258.2	265
H. Chatt	Illinois	254.2	274
Morrison	Detroit	254.2	268
Braddon	Cleveland	244	248
Kleinfeldt	Chicago Fly	243.6	255
Connelly	Cleveland	227.8	241
Neu	Newark, N. J.	224.6	249
Olson	Chicago Fly	223.8	238
Palmer	Cleveland	218.2	230
W. A. Eberman	Illinois	216.6	254

Event No. 3—Accuracy Fly. Record—100%, G. G. Chatt, Wm. Stanley

Caster	Club	Score in 15ths
Schwinn*	Newark, N. J.	99-12
G. Chatt	Illinois	99-12
Reese	Columbus	99-11
Braddon	Cleveland	99-10
Lambert	Lincoln Park	99-10
Trimble	Cleveland	99-10
Peters	Buffalo	99- 9
Newcomb	Buffalo	99- 9
Vong	Illinois	99- 9
Naugle	Lincoln Park	99- 9
Crooks	Columbus	99- 8
Arado	Chicago Fly	99- 7
Davis	Lincoln Park	99- 7
Neu	Newark, N. J.	99- 7

*Wins in cast-off.

Event No. 4—⅝ oz. Distance Bait. Record—245 feet, Arbogast

Caster	Club	Average	Longest
G. G. Chatt	Illinois	237.4	243
Trimble	Cleveland	222.2	238
Peters	Buffalo	214.4	227
Willman	Illinois	209.4	216
Braddon	Cleveland	203.6	212
Sutter	Chicago Fly	203.6	211
Morrison	Detroit	201.8	214
Foss	Cleveland	190.6	229
Kinnear	Geneva	186	198
Kleinfeldt	Chicago Fly	185.6	206
Connelly	Cleveland	185	194
H. Chatt	Illinois	184.4	213

G. G. Chatt.

Event No. 5—Distance Fly. Record—123 feet, G. G. Chatt

Caster	Club	Average	Longest
G. G. Chatt	Illinois	109	110
Behnen	Columbus	108 2/3	111
Braddon	Cleveland	104	105
Olson	Chicago Fly	103 1/3	107
Reese	Columbus	101 1/3	102
H. Chatt	Illinois	100 1/3	104
Connelly	Cleveland	99	100
Peters	Buffalo	96 2/3	98
Schwinn	Newark, N. J.	96	101
Peet	Chicago Fly	95 2/3	100
Lucke	Newark, N. J.	95 2/3	96
Morrison	Detroit	93	94

Event No. 6—¼ oz. Accuracy Bait. Record—100%, V. Dean Reese

Caster	Club	Score
Arbogast	Akron	99.6
G. G. Chatt	Illinois	99.5
Behnen	Columbus	99.4
Nordholm	Chicago Fly	99.4
Peters	Buffalo	99.3
Mitchell	Indianapolis	99.3
Sutter	Chicago Fly	99.3
Braddon	Cleveland	99.3
Sigwalt	Lincoln Park	99.3
W. A. Eberman	Illinois	99.3
Willman	Illinois	99.2
Schroeder	Illinois	99.2
Trimble	Cleveland	99.2

Event No. 7—Salmon Fly (Distance). Record—151 feet, Schwinn

Caster	Club	Average	Longest
Lucke	Newark	145	148
Connelly	Cleveland	144 1/3	145
G. G. Chatt	Illinois	144	149
Schwinn	Newark	141 2/3	151
Trimble	Cleveland	134 1/3	140
Braddon	Cleveland	134 1/3	139
Newcomb	Buffalo	129 2/3	130
W. A. Eberman	Illinois	127 2/3	135
Sutter	Chicago Fly	126 1/3	129
Peet	Chicago Fly	126	129
Neu	Newark	124	130
Bornholt	Illinois	123 1/3	126

Event No. 8—Dry Fly Accuracy. Record—99 14/15% G. G. Chatt

Caster	Club	Score
Braddon	Cleveland	99-13
H. Chatt	Illinois	99-10
McCandless	Illinois	99-10
G. G. Chatt	Illinois	99- 9
Arado	Chicago Fly	99- 8
Lucke	Chicago Fly	99- 8
Olson	Chicago Fly	99- 8
Trimble	Cleveland	99- 8
Jamison	Illinois	99- 7
Reese	Columbus	99- 7
Schwinn	Newark	99- 6
Neu	Newark	99- 5
Connelly	Cleveland	99- 5
Peet	Chicago Fly	99- 5
Steele	Lincoln Park	99- 5

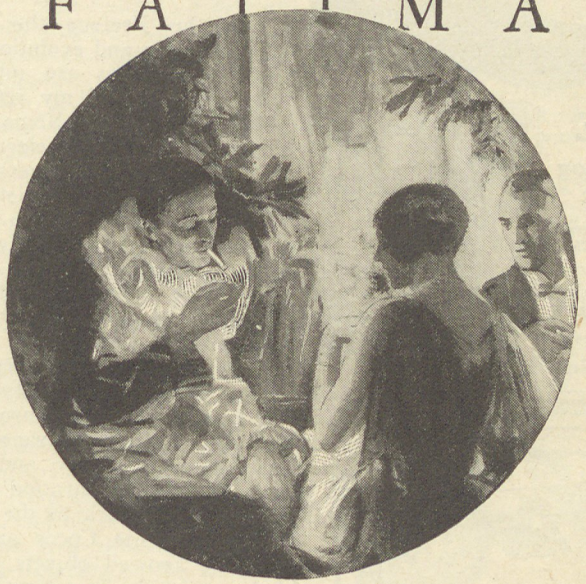
Mrs. W. Willman (left) and Mrs. D. Reese tied for accuracy—won by Mrs. Willman later.

Write Frank S. Leach, Nat'l Sec. N. A. S. A. C. for tournament information.

Ever notice?

SOONER OR LATER most men reach a point, in everyday matters at least, where price is no longer all-important. They begin to look around for "something better." And it is by no means an accident that just at this point so many men turn to Fatima

FATIMA



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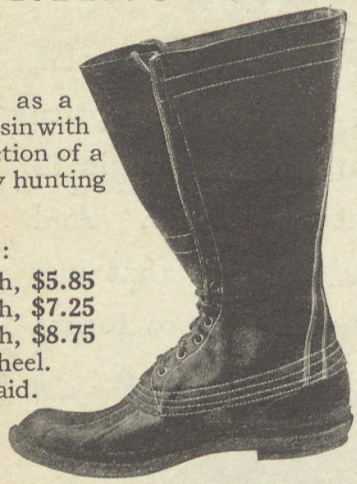

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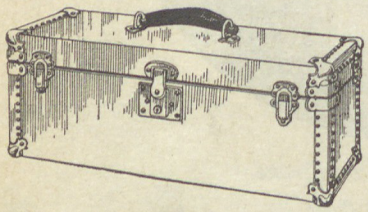

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The **GREEN** *Line*

See Page 74 for Classified Index of Advertisers

Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by

Thomas Ambrose, Vice-President I. W. L. A.

THE ARCTURUS ADVENTURE, An account of the New York Zoological Society's First Oceanographic Expedition, by William Beebe, Director of the Department of Tropical Research, with 77 illustrations from colored plates, photographs and maps —439 pp. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $6.

In the Preface the author says: "The origin and evolution of life, men and expeditions are interesting. On the very day of my return from the Galapagos in the Noma, I was introduced to a recently elected member of the Board of Managers of the New York Zoological Society, Henry D. Whiton. Mr. Whiton said to me: 'You seem tremendously interested in the Galapagos; if you ever want to go back there I will furnish the steamer if you can get someone else to provide the coal.' So from this generous tentative beginning there crystallized the twenty-four hundred ton steam yacht Arcturus, the specified coal, a splendid oceanographic outfit, a captain and crew, and an expedition of six months duration which steamed from New York to the Sargasso Sea, thence to the Cocos and Galapagos."

The avowed objects of the expedition were the investigation of the Sargasso Sea and the frigid Humboldt Current. The Sargasso Sea was practically blown to bits by tropic storms, and the Humboldt Current for the time being was out of commission, but these shortcomings and disappointments did not prevent the Director from securing a host of treasures "from the most microscopic beings which contribute to the surface luminescence of the sea to a giant devilfish weighing more than a ton," graphically recorded in a scientifically accurate, popular presentation.

They steamed more than 13,000 miles, brought back 11,000 feet of motion picture film, besides hundreds of colored plates and photographs.

Following in the track of Columbus, Beebe is reminded that the entire cost of outfitting that hardy navigator's three caravels was but $7,203.73, about a twentieth part of the cost of outfitting the Arcturus.

Here too in the Sargasso is the recently discovered cradle of Leptocephalus, a long name for the infant eel, whose head, viewed under the microscope, showed "a regular old-fashioned dragon with enormously long, sabre teeth, which, were the animal twelve feet in length, would make it infinitely more dangerous than the largest anaconda." So little is actually known of the depths of ocean that outside the thousand fathom line, there is in the Atlantic an average of only a single sounding record for each twelve thousand square miles.

By way of compensation for the loss of the Pacific Humboldt Current, they came upon an uncharted Current Rip caused by the coming together of two warm westwardly flowing streams of water, "a wall of water, against which all the floating jetsam for miles and miles was floated and held," and which was alive with birds and fishes.

Revisiting Galapagos, they were present at the birth of a new volcano and returning tarried at Cocos with its palms, and lure of buried pirate treasure.

The author had provided himself with a sixty pound copper diving helmet connected by rubber hose with an air pump upon a float. The remainder of his under water outfit consisted of a one piece bathing suit. He descended by a rope ladder and all the wonders of the deep were his, within a radius of a hundred feet.

"I felt as if I were in a very small, strange, but perfectly comfortable room, looking upon a tank of living fish with a most excellently painted background. . . . I think my first surprise was the constant movement of everything. I would be sitting quietly without the slightest tremor; when, gently and without shock, every fish in sight, every bit of weed or hydroid, the anchor rope, the shadow of the boat, the hose and myself swayed gently toward the land, and it was a supreme joy to balance carefully and let oneself be wafted through space and deposited safely on the next rock. There followed a period of complete rest, and back again everything would come. It was so soothing, so rhythmical, that one yielded to it in a daze of sheer enjoyment. . . . I found that if I gave to the movement of the water all the inhabitants, from shrimps to sharks, accepted me as something new but harmless which the waves had washed in, but if I maintained place and posture, I became an object of suspicion. . . . On land to move is to arouse fear among the wild creatures, here I did it by remaining still.

"As I watched, a bit of greenish coral began to move and crawl slowly downward, and with it went dangling things which I had taken for strands of seaweed. The octopus climbed down, felt about in different directions and then descended the steps, flowing along the angles like some horrid viscid

FAT MEN

Say "Goodbye" to Bulging Waistline!

New Belt Corrects Cause of Fat

A new belt called Director gets at the cause of excess fat and quickly corrects the condition. With every movement of the body, during every working hour, Director acts as a massage on the abdomen and actually dissolves excess fat away. E. P. Cowan of Pinehurst, N.C., says: "Director is the finest thing I ever wore. I want another, but not so large, as I am five inches smaller around the waist now." Doctors endorse Director as the natural way to accomplish a permanent reduction.

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Tell me how I can reduce my waistline 4 to 6 inches with your Director Belt. Also send details of your free trial offer. This places me under no obligation.

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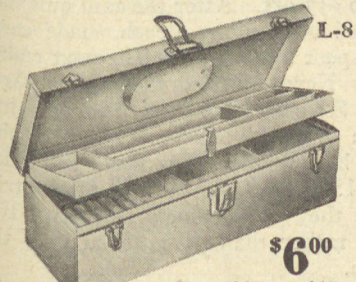

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Dealers—stock up now. Bergmann Oil is right—demand is growing.

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fluid in animal form. . . . A mote, very faint and pale, stirred the blueness as if some wondrous tapestry curtain were troubled by a breath of air. The thing grew denser, took form and became concrete, and a flat, round-headed front, lazily undulating, wound through water over a rock, a nine foot shark wearing along where I would have been a minute later. The great grey being, wafting along its hundred pounds of body, by slow gentle undulations, kept on and on until again hidden by a blue light."

Mr. Beebe has studied gorgeous plumaged pheasants in Java, India and Thibet, the three-toed sloth, and the Bird of the Wine Colored Egg in Guiana, has made more than three hundred ascents by airplane in peace and in war, has chummed with the giant lizards at World's End, Galapagos, and now is fellow with the giant Octopus and the huge "Man-Eating" Shark at the Edge of the Edge of the World.

If a man becomes multiplied by the number of languages he masters, what manner of man is he who has made himself at home in three worlds, the air, the earth and the sea?

He has become my favorite author.

THE SPELL OF THE TURF, The Story of American Racing, by Samuel C. Hildreth and James R. Crowell, with 32 illustrations, 286 pp. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. $4.00.

Probably no man is better qualified to write the history of American Racing than Sam Hildreth. The Dean of American horsemen and trainers, he looks back upon fifty years activity with the best race horses this country has produced, and he is as clever with the pen as he was skillful with the four footed aristocrats of the turf. I read the story as a serial in the journal "founded by Benjamin Franklin," and when the bound volume came to me for review, I thought I would merely dip into it casually and re-read some of the high lights. I have again read the whole thing through from cover to cover.

While a good horse always has a personal appeal to me, I have never "followed the ponies." Whether it be the subject matter, or the unconventional human style of the writer, or both, I certainly fell under "the spell of the turf."

CHILD OF THE WILD, A Story of Alaska, by Edison Marshall, with three illustrations by Herbert Stoops. 297 pp. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.00.

A story of a little boy shipwrecked and cast ashore upon the bleak Alaska coast, and his struggles for life upon its unfriendly shore, his return, as a man, to his own people who reject him, and his fight for his heritage.

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like I have is the coat you ought to have." Every bit of the fabric in the coat is treated with the famous DRYBAK process for positive waterproofing. The corduroy collar, cuff facings and the lining in the body are waterproofed. All pocket corners and points of strain are double bar tacked or leather reinforced and it will not rip or tear.

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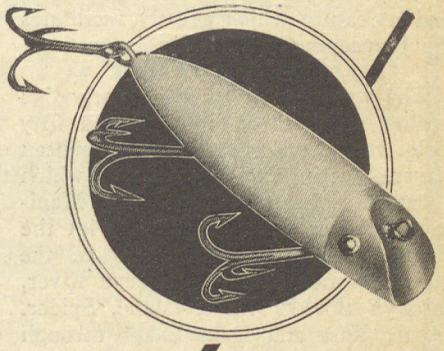
New Name of Lewis M. Weed Co., Inc.

This is the famous Dryback or money back guarantee button found only on genuine **DRYBAK** garments.



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Canoes and Small Boats

Devoted to Small Craft

Edited by EDGAR S. PERKINS

Editor WATER SPORTS, the Only National Canoe Magazine Published

While Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan and New York states are well know territories for canoeing, the paddling enthusiast who is on the lookout for a change in scenery, will do well to consider Northern Maine. It is one of the oldest canoeing sections of America from the standpoint of both white man and Indian; as a matter of fact, the many places of interest that still retain their Indian names adds much to the picturesque country the adventurer passes through. It is not a centrally located place to get to, and for this reason, takes more time and money than many places of interest to the canoeist, but we have yet to hear of anyone having made any of the trips who did not think it was well worth while.

A glance at a map of Maine will show that the Northwestern quarter of the state contains a number of large lakes, rivers and smaller streams, none of which have evidences of civilization in the way of cities or towns. In this wilderness of Maine are found such well known canoe routes as the Allagash, the Penobscot with its West and East branches and the St. John River. The nearness to each other and the low divides between the headwaters of streams flowing in opposite directions is characteristic of the Maine streams, and a feature which greatly facilitates the journeyings of the canoeman.

* * *

The writer received a log early this spring, of a three hundred and fifty mile canoe trip down the Flambeau River, starting at High Lake, which forms the headwaters of the Manitowish River which together with the Turtle forms the headwaters of the North Branch of the Flambeau River, through Boulder Lake, Island, Spider, Stone, Rest and Dam Lakes through which the Manitowish River flows, to the town of that name. This trip takes the canoeist through Baraboo, Turtle Dam, Park Falls, Six Mile Barnaby Rapids, Hansen's Bridge, past the junction of the North and South branches of the Flambeau on down to Ladysmith and then to the Chippewa Rivers.

From reading the difficulties met by this party who made the trip in September of 1925, the title of the cruise could well be named Three Hundred and Fifty Miles of Grief, or, Cruising the Flambeau at Low Tide. The summer of 1925 was very dry and in the Flambeau section there was practically no rain at all, consequently all river levels were lower than normal, adding to this the fact that there are many commercial dams on the river for pulp mills, etc., where the water is held up at times, will explain the titles I mention. However, the purpose of this short article is to explain to those who have encountered or heard of this difficulty that there are in operation now, and more in the process of construction, large reservoirs that will be used to hold back the spring overflow and this will be released as needed through the summer in flows of from four to six feet at a time and it is hoped that this will be a big factor in making this river a real canoe stream such as it was in days gone by before civilization and commerce arrived and commanded its use.

* * *

The last line calls to mind a message we would like to try to pound home to every active interested canoe cruiser whether he goes in for wilderness cruising or otherwise. Help hold these territories as recreational sections for canoeists and other lovers of the natural outdoors beauty. The Waltonian and other leagues and associations are doing much wonderful work along these lines but they also have other problems as well to work out.

The canoeist is primarily interested in water routes and rugged scenery. To those who have done any cruising on the Cumberland River in the state of Kentucky, the real tragedy of Cumberland Falls will be most apparent. These falls are one of Kentucky's greatest scenic attractions, it is a cataract second to Niagara in the region east of the Mississippi within easy travelling distance of many central cities. It is another demonstration of what water power interests are doing to ruin the beauty spots of a nation that has always given too little thought on this subject until it is too late. Canoeists, if you would care to continue to have cruising waters, and be sure that the next generations have them, join and take an active interest in the work of conservation forces in whatever state in the Union you may be. It it's worth using, it's worth fighting for to preserve.

* * *

LAKE MICHIGAN TRIP.

Another short write-up on what our readers are doing, and how this department can be used to help the readers:—

Mr. Chan Elliott of Shelby, Michigan, who is a reader of this department, wrote in wanting information in regards to a place along Lake Michigan at the South end of Chicago, to start from in making a canoe trip around the end of Lake Michigan to Stony Lake, Michigan, a distance of 255 miles.

The editor of this department happens to be an officer in the only canoe club on the south side of Chicago and he not only extended a very cordial invitation to Mr. Elliott to start from his club (The South Shore Canoe Club, located at 79th Street and Lake Michigan), but handled the transportation of his canoe and duffle, secured brief outline of the nearby coast and was on hand to start them off. Did I mention that this was Mr. Elliott's honeymoon trip, as Mr. and Mrs. Elliott were married in Chicago, July 1st, and started his trip on July 3d?

It was a rainy day when they left in a well loaded sponson canoe, and they went ashore at the Hammond Power Co. to dry out. After the rain quit they pushed on to Pine Beach, made camp and spent the Fourth. The next camps were New Buffalo, then camp Grey near Saugatuck and the next was just south of South Haven. After trouble with bad weather, they made Whitehall just 15 miles from the end of the trip. Here they waited out a storm for two days rather than give up so near the finish.

They reached Stony Lake just 14½ days after leaving Chicago and spent seven of these days in Camp waiting for fair weather, so while a sail was used at certain times the actual traveling time was very good. Mr. Elliott writes that they had a fine time and some of the greatest camping spots in the states are along Lake Michigan shores. He also says that North of Benton Harbor it is rather dangerous canoeing and one should stay nearly two miles out as there are rocks of very large size and in between waves they stick their peaks out. The travellers came near to landing on the tops of several rocks before they had gone out far enough to pass outside of them all.

It is needless to say that Lake Michigan's shore line could furnish many interesting trips for the canoeist be he a paddler or sailor but remember it is a place only for the experienced canoeist; novices are advised to do their practicing on some smaller lake or at least near home.

PORTAGE FOR CANOEIST.

Many times when talking to someone about a cruise I intended making, or one somebody has made or wants to make, I have heard the usual discouraging tone of voice say how many portages are there to the trip. Why all the worry about a portage? There are of course, many bad ones, as they will run two or three miles or a mile through thick growth of underbrush, and how good that blue patch of water looks when it shows up through the trees. I know, having done some of them,—who has not,—but did anyone ever die doing it and boy, how you can eat and sleep after them! There are however, many very short portages and some that are even pretty in spite of the labor and again a short portage over a peninsula often saves miles of paddling around a point.

The idea is that no one should take a cruise if the portaging will cause them physical injury except with guides. I have seen a green cruiser do from seven to ten portages and thirty miles of paddling a day, the portages ranging from lift overs to a quarter and half mile carries, without any harm being done, although I will say he was lots of man. Another thing that we have spoken of as important for other reasons, is to take your maps and plan a trip all out before the start, checking the portages and currents, etc. I could name a great number of trips where the portage work is practically not worthy of mention, being just enough to give a change of work and stretch cramped legs; many smile at this last but who has not paddled or sailed a canoe till ones legs were all cramped and aching just to take a walk?

In case you are making a trip where there are a lot of portages and you realize the advisability of conserving energy when possible, as it is not good sense to needlessly torture oneself, the following will perhaps be of some assistance. When bringing a canoe to a portage spot to land, where it is possible, allow it to float free in the water while unloading and broadside to the bank. Dragging loaded canoes up on a beach means short life to the craft and might have something to do with your own life. And never put a pack on your back before you leave the canoe as you are apt to lose balance or trip and take a tumble which will usually cost you time. Again comes the necessity for advance planning on your trip, in connection with making single trip portages. Making two or more trips on a portage will kill the sport in a short time, even going back once makes the portage three times as long and it also costs much time. If the camp equipment is light and well packed, the one trip is all that will be needed on each portage where the trail is known to any extent.

On unknown trails, the single trip idea is apt to cause grief, as while the trail may start on a nice soft bed of pine needles, it may finish by leading you over an abrupt rocky rise and then to wallow knee deep in a swamp.

When the ducks fly

WHEN you are ready at the edge of the ice-rimmed lake, when dawn is coming fast and every minute counts in getting to the distant shooting blind—*then* you'll be thankful for the motor that starts with an easy quarter turn! No ropes—no spinning of the flywheel! Nothing but an easy quarter turn!

That's all—*just a simple quarter turn.* No matter what the weather, your Super Elto will respond instantly and unhesitatingly. Even in the icy coldness of a November dawn, that unfailing spark, big, fat and fiery hot, answers the turn of the flywheel. Even after an all-night pelting rain your Elto's ignition system will be on the job.

And when you put your motor away for the winter—when hunting is over and cold weather sends you indoors—you can store away your Super Elto with the comforting knowledge that its big, oversize bearings and sturdy construction hold for you many more seasons of use and enjoyment. For Ole Evinrude, the pioneer outboard designer, builds the Super Elto to last you season after season.

Don't start your hunting this fall with a worn out motor! If you're due for a new motor next spring, *get it now!* Send today for the Super Elto catalog!

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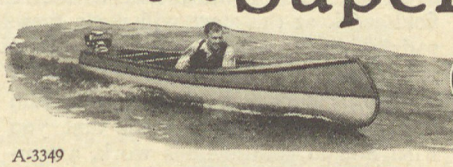
Dept. 42 Manufacturers Home Building Milwaukee, Wisconsin

"Starts with a quarter turn"
The Super Elto
"Turns the Rowboat into a Launch"



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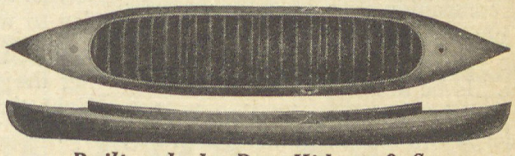

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Edited by V. C. EBEL

Give Your Field Dog Care

Prince—owned by Alice Rodine.

WINTER has long passed and the summer gone, the shooting season is here and before us is the realization of many happy hours in tramping the fields with gun and dog. Next to your gun, the prime factor in making a successful season is your dog. He has graduated temporarily from the duties of guardian, playmate and household companion over these long months and now his time is here, when he will serve you in his more natural environment. Is he in condition?

Remember that your hunting dog has grown "soft" without field exercise, and if you have not had time to harden him by exercising, you should be very considerate the first few days in the field. Don't permit yourself to become so enthusiastic that you may not notice the dog's fatigue. A frequent rest of only a few minutes will do both of you more good than fewer longer rests between jaunts. If your dog is the field type, he will cover many more times the ground that you do.

If you are thoughtful enough to provide lunch and water for yourself (and you will be), don't neglect your dog. Nothing will refresh a tired dog like a drink of cool clean water. If available at your local sporting goods store, a can of prepared dog ration, consisting of a good balanced diet, will be easily carried, and a great treat for him.

You are apt to find your dog limping after he has been covering sand-bur or thorny hedge territory. Examine his feet and particularly between his toes for these injuries. You can easily remember when you were a youngster how quickly you stopped when, running barefoot, you picked up a thorn or a sand-bur.

Most dogs are self-sacrificing, and if encouraged, will work under almost all disagreeable field conditions. If he is short haired with a tender skin, be reasonable about sending him into a cutting briar patch cover. The pads of his feet are tender, due to his inactivity over the past months, and excessive field work at the start will wear these pads thin, the same as if you rubbed your finger on sandpaper until it is painful to touch. This condition should be watched, and if evident and you wish him to continue his work, a temporary remedy may be used. Dip just the pads of his feet in a tar solution and then set each foot into a small pan of Fuller's earth, which will adhere to the tar. This provides a healing protection to the worn pads and permits the dog to work without pain.

If you think reprimanding or correcting the dog is necessary, do it at the right time so that he will understand how and why he was mistaken. Dogs become over-enthusiastic, usually at times when you yourself are a little excited, and the natural effect is sometimes disappointment and anger. Don't take it out on the dog.

Treat your dog as you would be treated yourself, keeping in mind that you are a super animal with greater intelligence and that the law of compensation works both ways, and the Golden Rule is the most effective in handling dogs as well as men.

Kennel Service Queries

From Frank Boyle, Omaha, Nebraska. My Gordon Setter, which seems healthy in every other respect, has been slobbering and has symptoms of worms. Is the slobbering due to worms?

Answer—The slobbering condition is usually due to worms and we believe that if you will rid your pet of the worms, the condition will disappear.

From Fred E. Chambers, Tulsa,

© Paul D. Burress

Bottoms Up!

Okla. I have a Shepherd pup nine months old in good condition other than the joints of his forelegs seem to be larger than normal. Is this a usual condition or should I try to do something for him?

Answer—Your dog probably has rickets and we would suggest the following treatment which will be beneficial. Keep the dog in the sunlight and feed a half teaspoonful of bone meal a day, also cod-liver oil three times each day. Do not over-exercise, and give him nourishing food.

John Hughes, New York City. I have an Airedale two years old which has little lumps on his skin and he is always scratching himself. What would you advise to overcome this condition?

Answer—Evidently your dog has eczema, and we would recommend a good eczema remedy as compounded by several manufacturers of dog remedies. Try your sporting goods dealer or drug store for one of the well known remedies.

Joe Feeney, Mexico, Mo. The right ear of my eight months old police dog droops, and prior to two weeks ago it stood erect as it should. Can you tell me the reason for this and if it will always droop?

Answer—There probably is some internal irregularity and if your dog does not show symptoms of sickness in any other way, we would suggest that you have him examined for worms and feed him substantial food and administer a good tonic daily.

I. B. J., Windsor, Ontario, Can. Would you advise the breeding of a Shepherd at her first heat?

Answer—We would not advise the breeding of any bitch the first time she comes in heat. As a rule they are not fully developed and breeding will usually stunt the dog's growth.

P. R. G., Marion, Ohio. I have a Bull Terrier that mismated through my carelessness to an Airedale. Is there any truth in the report that subsequent litters will carry the strain of the Airedale?

Answer—This is unfortunate for the present but the theory that you mention is not true and you need not fear a mixed breed in litters to follow.

From W. O. Y.—Indianapolis, Ind. I have a six weeks old Police Dog puppy and would like to know what to feed it and also whether there is much danger of and a cure for distemper?

Answer—We would first suggest that you give your pup a shot of worm medicine if you have not already done so as this is customary and a good rule with all puppies. There are several well known manufacturers of dog remedies which your local veterinary or sporting-goods dealer will be glad to tell you about. A healthy wormless digestional tract is quite as important as proper feeding. We would recom-

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Write for pamphlet entitled "Why I Should Train My Police Dog."

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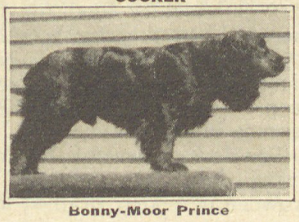

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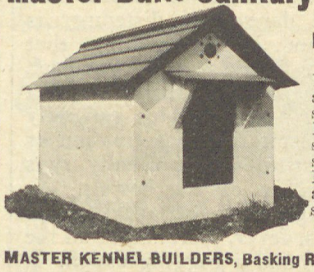

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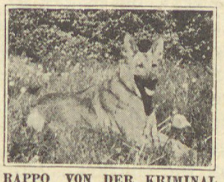

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SEND NO MONEY Pay postman, plus postage on arrival.

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He deserves the best remedy known. For 32 years Spohn's has been the standard treatment for Distemper. Give as a preventive before too late. Cannot possibly harm the youngest puppies. 60 cents and $1.20 per bottle at drug stores or direct. Write for our free booklet on Distemper and its treatment.

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Insist upon Perfection at your Pet Shop, Sporting Goods or Feed Stores or order our **Special Introductory Offer of 5 lbs. at 75c or 10 lbs. at $1.25** Shipped, prepaid, anywhere in U. S. Literature FREE

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The most beautiful specimens the dog world can offer. Home guards, loyal companions, useful and intelligent. Low prices. Illustrated circulars free.

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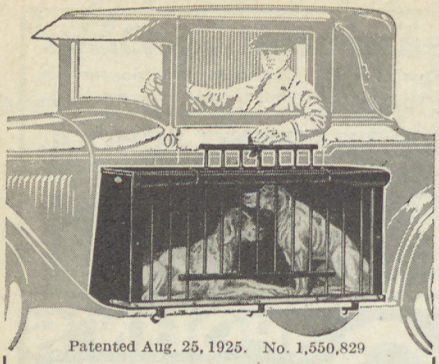

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Though light weight, it is durable and of strong construction, being built throughout of high quality automobile materials. Finished in genuine Du Pont Duco.

The top is built like the tops on the closed cars. It has storm curtain. All wooden parts are protected so the dogs cannot gnaw. The floor is trimmed with bright alite metal moulding to match the runningboard and all trimmings are nickel plated.

The improved heavy adjustable clamps hold it in a position so its reinforced tapered back does not touch the body of the car. It takes less than half a minute to clamp it on.

Shipments are made packed in strawboard boxes, insuring arrival in perfect condition. Price $12.50 for the one-dog size and $15.00 for the two-dog size. Suitable for large pointers or setters as well as other breeds of dogs and is adjustable to fit all makes of cars. Immediate shipment.

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They like its marvelous flavor. Easily digested, because it's wholesome. Healthful. Palatable. Body building. Muscle developing. Grows glossy coats.

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KEN-L-RATION solves forever your dog feeding problem. A *balanced ration* that comes in *cans*—ready to serve.

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Natural Wild Duck Foods

that will attract thousands of Wild Ducks to your favorite waters. Plant now. WILD RICE, WILD CELERY, PONDWEED SEEDS guaranteed to produce results. Prices reduced, additional discount early orders. Write for FREE expert advice, literature.

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mend frequent feeding every two or three hours of small amounts up to about fifteen weeks of age. At three to four months of age, feed about four times a day and thereafter one feeding a day. Keep their appetite keen by not overfeeding. Most all dogs will overeat. Do not give chicken bones or other small bones. Plenty of clean fresh water. Do not feed potatoes or other starchy foods. Raw hamburger, soup thickened with corn meal, puppy biscuits, and an occasional raw egg is very satisfactory food for young puppies. When the dog is a little older, a teaspoonful of cod-liver oil mixed in his food every two or three days acts as a tonic and makes a noticeable difference in the sleekness of his coat.

The development of distempter is induced by bad sanitary conditions, crowded or poorly drained kennels, exposure to dampness, insufficient or overfeeding, improper diet, lack of fresh air and exercise and also is contagious. If you have had a case of distemper on your premises, it is very difficult to disinfect thoroughly enough to prevent its reoccurrence especially if your dog is young and in somewhat of a rundown condition. After one year old the danger of distemper is very slight and, if contracted at that age or older, the case may be much more easily handled than with a younger dog. The symptoms generally are labored respiration, constipation or obstinate diarrhea which usually runs into inflammation of the bowels. In the early stages, loss of appetite, inactivity, chills, fever, secretion from the nose and eyes and a gagging cough. It is very necessary to start treating the disease in the very early stages. There is much to be said on this subject and we would recommend that you call a veterinary when the first symptom is noticed and get his advice on the best one of several good remedies that are on the market. Do not delay in starting treatment and remember that continuous careful nursing is very necessary.

As a warning to dog lovers we submit a very interesting and startling report of an eastern animal hospital which indicates that cats are increasing in numbers while dogs are practicing race suicide.

Many of the modern diseases are making their impression on the canine world, addicted to luxury and disinclined to work hard through neglect of the owners. Indigestion has proven the bane of many a good dog, particularly those of good families, who are seldom seen out of their luxurious automobiles. Out of 269 dogs treated more than thirty had ills of the digestive tract.

Write our Kennel Service Department for information on dogs. There is no charge for this service

SPRATT'S

DOG MEDICINES

Do not neglect even slight symptoms of indisposition in your dogs! The proper SPRATT'S Dog Medicines—as reliable as the famous SPRATT'S Dog Foods—should be used promptly to prevent the development of serious ailments. Let your veterinarian advise you.

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It helps you to safeguard the health of your dogs. Describes the symptoms and recommends the proper treatment of the commoner dog diseases. Also contains valuable chapters on care and feeding. Sent free upon request. SPRATT'S PAT. L'T'D, Newark, N. J., San Francisco, St. Louis.

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by noted specialist. Tells how to FEED AND TRAIN your dog KEEP HIM HEALTHY and CURE DOG DISEASES How to put dog in condition, kill fleas, cure scratching, mange, distemper. Gives twenty-five famous

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Fur Farming

By THOMAS G. ALVORD, Sr.

So far, on most fur ranches, this year has been likened to a lumber wagon because there is no spring in it. The second half now beginning also is expected to differ considerably in this respect from a first class touring car but the output of fur this fall may be all the better for it. A hot summer is all right for flappers who wear fur summer and winter but not for foxes that produce it. These like cool nights which usually ushered in by August grow colder as the season advances to pelting time. This fur farmer's harvest starts in December or a little earlier according to the locality and perfection of fur. It's none too soon to begin months before to pick out and condition the animals whose skins soon are to be taken in their prime and marketed.

There should be many good pelts on ranches that have been well managed. Even these have suffered in common with most plants from the effects of the distemper, now pretty well stamped out, but on the whole the season promises a good yield of fur and a yield of good fur which is more important just now in the development of this still infant industry. There should be less culls thrown on the market and higher average prices obtained.

Quality of fur depends a great deal on the bodily perfection of the animal when the skin is taken. After a summer hot or cool it takes time, care and correct feeding to get the fur-bearer into perfect physical condition. The months of August, September, October and November cannot be put to more profitable use. And the things to be avoided are even more important than those to be performed.

As the nights begin to grow colder your foxes should take more food. They need more than you have been feeding and will eat all you give them. There's your danger; they must be steadily increased in weight but not too much. Watch this very closely. DO NOT OVERFEED. The well worked out feeding chart prescribes the following ration for two meals a day for this conditioning period:

DAILY FEEDING SCHEDULE

AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER

Monday
Morn.—1 fox biscuit—dry.
Eve.—6 ozs. bread and milk.

Tuesday
Morn.—6 ozs. meat on bone.
Eve.—5 ozs. cereal and milk.

Wednesday
Morn.—Same as Monday.
Eve.—5 ozs. raw meat, bran, alfalfa meal, ground together.

Thursday
Morn.—Same as Tuesday.
Eve.—Omit this meal.

Friday
Morn.—Same as Tuesday.

The Outdoor Classics

By the Noted Author, Ozark Ripley

Bass and Bass Fishing. Price, post paid, $1.00

"Best work on Bass ever written."—Ladd Pleveley.

Quail and Quail Dog. . Price, post paid, $1.00

Complete history of the most wonderful of game birds and instructions on handling bird dogs.

Jist Huntin'. . . . Price, post paid, $2.00

The book which made Ozark famous.
Most perfect short stories ever written.

"Each tale a perfect gem."—Boston Globe.

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Food Is the Secret

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Attract Wild Ducks

Why spend time and money on trips to distant ducking grounds? Attract ducks in flocks to waters near you by planting

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Now, before freeze-up, is ideal planting time. Helpful literature. Write

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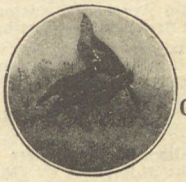
Pheasants
Partridges
Quail
Wild Turkeys
Deer
Rabbits



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Cranes
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Ornamental Geese and Ducks
Foxes
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Everything in wild animals, game, fancy birds for parks, menageries, private preserves and collections of fancy fowl.

Wm. J. Mackensen, Yardley, Pa.

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DUCK HUNTERS—We have now ready for delivery a fine lot of genuine small variety English or Belgian Grey Call Ducks. Nearly every variety of wild duck responds readily to their clear, soft, enticing voice. They are very tame and easy to handle. Price per pair, $6.00; extra hens $4.00 each. Order early and avoid disappointment. Also several varieties of pheasants, such as Goldens, Silvers, Lady Amhersts, etc.

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ST. CHARLES — ILLINOIS

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Fortunes Made Yearly

raising Silver Fox, Mink, Skunk and other Fur Animals. Our Fur Rabbit Book, also copy of Fur Animal Magazine gives all information 10c. Magazine Monthly for one year $1.00.

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1116 Outdoor Building Holmes Park, Missouri

HOW A BOY BUILT UP A GREAT SQUAB FARM

is the title of a book which everybody should read. This boy started small in backyard when at school with no money, now has $30,000 plant, ships to N. Y. 150 barrels squabs yearly, paid $75-$100 bbl. You can do the same. Price of book is 50c but we will mail it to you for names and addresses of four of your friends and only ten cents silver or U. S. stamps. Write today. **PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO.,** 216 A St., Melrose Highlands, Mass. Established 26 years.

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Eggs, $4. per 13 until June 15th
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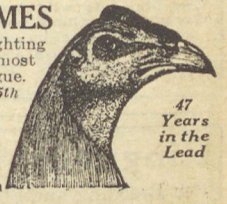

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Easy way to make extra money in spare time. We buy all you raise. Big profits—easily raised anywhere. Write for FREE book how to start.

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World's Most Profitable Livestock

Better profits raising Silver Foxes than any other Fur Bearer, in fact larger than with any live stock — yet they have proved the hardiest and most easily domesticated of all FUR BEARERS. Warren Rayner Silvers have been bred to the highest type — with them your profits will be greater at every step.

Your name — and we will send complete information.

Warren Rayner Silver Fox Company

1215 Warren Rayner Bldg.
Warren, Pa.

Tarnedge Foxes!

(Established 1910.)

The Prize Winning Ranch

35 Pairs of Breeders,
31 Pairs of Prize Winners.

Grand Show Champions!
Sweepstakes Winners!
Blue Ribbon Winners!

The Oldest Ranch in the U. S.

Catalogue SABATTIS, N.Y.

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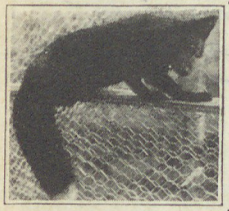
Should insist on registration in the American National Fox Breeders Association.

The only recognition of breeding value in Silver Foxes is that given by the official recording association thru inspection and registration. A copy of the Year Book of the Silver Fox Industry will be sent those contemplating purchase of foxes.

American National Fox Breeders Association
424 McKnight Bldg., Minneapolis
Official Registration Organization of the Fox Industry



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in raising Silver Black Foxes. Buy a pair of our Registered Grade I foxes and make big money. Our foxes won 10 prizes with 12 entries at the Buffalo Show. Write for prices and terms. Ask for our booklet "The Silver Fox, What It Is". It is free.

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Cass Lake, Minn.

Sir Charles Dalton

started the Silver Fox Industry forty years ago. We are his exclusive American representative. Every fox Registered and Pedigreed. Every pair selected for mating and inspected for fur quality by Sir Charles, personally. Direct to you from the Original Dalton Ranch. Why not start with the oldest and finest strain. Reasonable prices. Don't wire. Write us, we'll be here.

HAWKEYE ITASCA SILVER FOX CO.
Hamilton Tobin, Gen. Mgr.
162 State Bank Bldg., Vinton, Iowa

DECOY CALLERS (PURE BRED)

Gray English Callers	$ 6.00 per pair
Black English Callers	8.00 per pair
Black Mallards (wild stock)	7.00 per pair
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Other varieties of wild ducks and geese for sale, also pheasants. Safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed.

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Ringneck Pheasants

For Breeding and Stocking. Also Mongolian, Golden, Silver, Lady Amhurst, Reeves and Formosa Pheasants.

INDIANFIELD PHEASANTRY
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Eve.—Same as Tuesday.

Saturday

Morn.—5 ozs. liver.
Eve.—Same as Monday.

Sunday

Morn.—Same as Tuesday.
Eve.—Omit this meal.

OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER

Monday

Morn.—6 ozs. cereal and milk.
Eve.—6 to 7 ozs. ground raw meat, bran and alfalfa meal, mixed.

Tuesday

Morn.—1 raw egg in 6 ozs. milk.
Eve.—1 raw egg in 5 ozs. milk.

Wednesday

Morn.—Same as Monday.
Eve.—5 to 6 ozs. meat, 1 oz. bran, 1 oz. raw carrot, ground together.

Thursday

Morn.—1 fox biscuit—dry.
Eve.—6 to 7 ozs. meat on bone.

Friday

Morn.—1 raw apple.
Eve.—Same as Monday.

Saturday

Morn.—Same as Monday.
Eve.—Same as Tuesday.

Sunday

Morn.—1 fox biscuit—dry.
Eve.—Omit this meal.

This is a change made in the usual ration fed in the fall. More heat and fattening units have been added to meet increasingly cool weather and to enrich the fur at prime. It practically begins the food schedule for winter by continuing through December but changes in January to a leaner diet to fit the fox for breeding purposes. Fat foxes are sluggish and sleepy and not so keenly inclined to breed as are those kept comparatively thin but in full bodily strength and vigor. Foxes respond very quickly to their diet. As the season of feeding for virility in breeding, calling for a lean animal, and the immediately preceding season for feeding for fur perfection demanding a well fleshed one, actually lap, and the superabundant flesh slowly put on must be more quickly and skillfully taken off, the subject of scientific feeding is one that should engage the close study and careful application of every rancher who hopes to succeed in his business. Haphazard methods in this respect will never get him the higher rewards of the fur industry.

Through the last quarter of the year a fox is benefitted by a teaspoonful of cod liver oil given every Monday and Thursday night; it acts best with the ration prescribed in the schedule for those particular days.

In brief the advice for the last five months of the year in the matter of feeding is to watch every fox to see that it shows at least a normal increase of appetite as the weather cools and substantially cleans up the food given according to the extract taken from the preceding feeding chart for that period. If he continues to refuse his full ration remove him after a few days to a separate pen for special treatment.

By August the foxes should be pretty well rid of their old coats. Look them over and comb out the hair that has not been shed. Pens in which puppies are kept need special attention this month. These and all dens should be cleaned thoroughly at least once and preferably twice a week. This is a good time to clean up the whole ranch. Go over it carefully. Take the trouble to turn over the soil of every pen of the sanitary condition of which you have the slightest doubt. Besides keeping a sharp eye on the puppies to see that they are growing nicely, are free from rickets, pot belly and other signs of undernourishment or disease, pry into the living conditions of the old folks and see that they are clean and kept so.

If you are thinking of exhibiting some possible prize winners this fall at State or County fairs and at fox shows think twice about it. There were several cases of distemper in ranches hitherto free from it traceable to such exhibitions held last year. Some ascribed its wide and costly spread to this cause and some attributed it to visitors who innocently carried the infection from ranch to ranch. Others believe it was an epidemic and that its seeds were borne afar by the winds and air. Even doctors disagree as to the manner of its dissemination but several regular exhibitors have decided to forego the temptation this year to show their animals, many ranches will admit only those who are buyers and these after change of clothes and chemical treatment of their shoes and other plants will remain closed this summer to all save the regular caretakers. Having so recently won a hard fought victory over this "fox flu" as they call it, the owners of the shut tight ranches will take no further risk of exposure for a year.

There is nothing alarming in these conclusions to be on the safe side. The best authorities agree that the fox is no more susceptible to such afflictions than are other domestic animals to their particular diseases and that this run of distemper is not likely to repeat itself in fur farming because of knowledge gained to cure and prevent it.

The Fur Farming industry is rapidly increasing throughout North America and hundreds of questions pertaining to it are answered monthly by OUTDOOR AMERICA. If you are confronted by a problem please write us. This service is without charge.

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Dogs — Continued

Dogs

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LLEWELLYN setter pups—Eugene Ghost, Lad Rodney breeding. Pedigreed. Satisfaction guaranteed. $25.00. Kenneth Murrell, Albany, Mo.

NATURAL Retriever. Hunted her with dogs, found none can cover ground with her for pointers. C. G. Robison, Lincoln, Ill. (3-10)

BROKEN registered Pointers, Setters and nicely started yearlings and pups. Approval. Golden Rule Kennels, Palmyra, Ill. (3-10)

POINTER pups scientifically bred. Registered proven hunting strains, $35.00. Clayton Ansley, Worcester, Mass. (3-10)

FOR Sale. English Setter Puppies, males $25.00, females $20.00. T. H. Postlewaite, Bunker Hill, Ill. (3-10)

REGISTERED English Setters. Males $35.00; females $25.00. Joe Knoer, Rodman, Iowa. (3-10)

PEDIGREED English Setter Pups. Champion bloodlines. Males $30, females, $25. S. Rutford, Clarkfield, Minn. (3-11)

IRISH Setter Pups—America's Best. Price reasonable. Earl Askins, Lakewood, Illinois. (3-10)

REGISTERED pointer bitch, liver and white, worked one season, good retriever. $35.00. Lawrence Rippee, Peru, Kansas.

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REAL high class Pointers and Setters for your fall shooting. List free. John Hale, West Plains, Mo.

LET me train your bird dog. Paul Otto, Winnfield, La. (3-12)

FOR Sale: Irish Setter puppies, bred right, priced right. H. M. McDowell, Grove City, Pa.

POINTER puppies $15 up. Best breeding. Write, C. G. Robison, Lincoln, Ill. (3-10)

ENGLISH Setter Pups. $10.00 each. Harley Everett, Atkinson, Nebr. (3-10)

Police Dogs

FANCY Silver-Grey Puppies. By the Great Champion, "Wolf Von Der Kriminal Polizei." Recognized king of all Silver-Greys and one of greatest sires of all time. His Silver pups are the pride of the breed. Females $25. Males $35. Few black with cream markings and solid wolf-greys much cheaper. Chas. R. Tyrrell, Seward, Nebr.

BEAUTIFUL German police puppies, of championship strain. Registered, pedigreed. Immunized from distemper. Shipped on approval. Satisfaction guaranteed. $50.00 and up. Springdale Silver Fox Farms, Scottville, Michigan. (3-11)

Dogs

Police Dogs—Continued

FOR Sale. Shepherd (German Police) puppies. Sire 1st litter: International Champion (Joselle's) Dolf von Dusternbrook. Sire 2nd litter: International Champion (Joselle's) Yvon de Beauchamps. Free descriptive circular. North Shellenberger, McAlisterville, Pa. (3-11)

FOR Sale. Pedigreed police puppies, all colors. Sired by imported stud dogs. Best of blood lines. Price $20 and up. Shipped any place on approval. Riverside Kennels, Cooperstown, North Dakota. (3-11)

FOR Sale—25 light and silver gray Police Pups of Kriminalpolizie blood line. Same as Strongheart. Males, $30.00. Females, $20.00. On approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, No. Dak. (3-11)

PUPPY sons and daughters of internationally known, 1925 U. S. sensation, Champion Amor von Geyerberge, Westminster winner. Will repurchase at one year. Cassius Winkelman, Wausau, Wisconsin. (3-10)

POLICE Dogs. Sired by Son of Dolf von Dusternbrook. The best blood line of the breed to choose. The Rice Kennels, Spencer, Ind. (3-10)

POLICE puppies, guaranteed pedigree. Strongheart relation, $20 up. On Approval. Write, Otto Hoffman, Marinette, Wis., Route 1.

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DOBERMAN-PINSCHER Puppies. Very fine, eligible and right price. Dr. Lueschen, Columbus, Nebr. (3-11)

HALF-grown Police Pups. $35.00. Guaranteed pedigrees. N. Lewis, Miller, Nebraska. (3-10)

PEDIGREED Police puppies. White Collie puppies. Variety Farm, Gilman, Ill. (3-10)

STRONGHEART Strain Police Pups. Gardiner Silver Fox Ranch, Medina, Ohio. (3-11)

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IRISH Water Spaniels, Genuine curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (3-11)

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IRISH Water Spaniels. Puppies from thoroughbred registered hunting stock. Raised in a hunting country on a 3000 acre ranch. Russell Thompson, Box 135, Wood Lake, Nebr. (3-11)

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SPRINGERS. Registered puppies. Parents imported from Ware Kennels, England. Also puppies from bitch sired by Laverstock Powderhorn. Prices $40 to $65. Imported Stud, service $25. Wickham Kennels, Mound, Minn. (3-12)

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IRISH Water Spaniels from six months to four years old. Registration papers furnished. High quality. Selling out at low price. S. Zelinske, Redgranite, Wis.

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SPRINGER Spaniel puppies. Sire is by Flint of Avendale, dam by Horsford Harbour. A cross of the best springers in America. Priced to sell. Dr. Grant Newby, Platteville, Wis. (3-12)

Dogs

Spaniels—Continued

SALE: Irish Water Spaniel. Male. 1 year old. Papers. $15.00. Dave Milligan, Kewanee, Ill.

SPRINGER Spaniels, Avondale bloodlines, price reasonable. Dr. A. C. Johnson, Winthrop, Minn.

GENUINE Irish Water Spaniel puppies. Reasonable prices. M. Oliphant, Big Timber, Mont. (3-12)

IRISH Water Spaniel Pups. Males $12.00. Roy Sylvester, Bingham Lake, Minn.

WATER Spaniel puppies. P. C. Stephens, Columbus, Kansas.

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FOR Sale. Springer Spaniel puppies. Beechgrove Strain. Priced to sell. 6 males, 2 females. Liver and white. Chas. M. Brooks, McGregor, Iowa. (3-10)

FOR Sale. English Springer Spaniels, Puppies, brood matrons and trained adults. Buy a Springer and conserve game. Dean Swift, Edgerton, Wis. (3-10)

COCKER spaniel pups, black, eligible, from hunting stock. Sold pups that retrieved ducks at 8 months last fall. E. G. Druding, Ellsworth, Wis. (3-10)

SPRINGER Spaniel Puppies, liver and white, of great type. Best of breeding. Eligible A. K. C. $35.00 and up. Shipped on approval, $15.00 down. P. H. Burk, Marysville, Kan. (3-10)

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DARE Devils. (Irish Terriers.) Protection, Playfellow, Pal for Kiddies. Only one man dog, fierce with strangers. Hunter. Noted for Courage and Brains. Litter registered pups for sale, bitch bred to Champion. Red Top Kennels, O. A. Teague, Texas. (4x26)

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Game Birds and Animals—Cont'd

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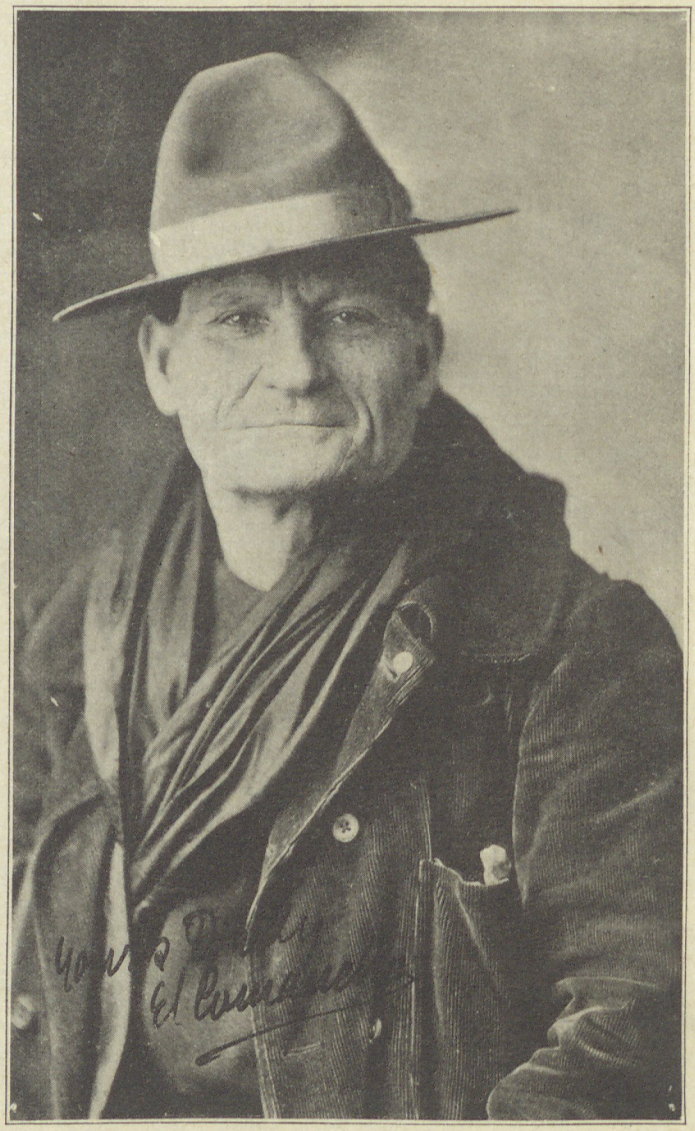

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